

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1868, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Mail

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Harry Dawson, President, Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays. 12, 10

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Erla Christensen President, Anton Christensen Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays. 12, 10

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Melick, President; Daniel J. Connelley, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays. 12, 10

DAUGHTERS OF THE THURLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Mary McLean; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Thompson. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays. 12, 10

ARMY OF THE THURLE, Spanish War Veterans—President, Frederick J. Buehler, Adjutant, Gustavus. 12, 10

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians—Division 1—President, Miss Margaret Sullivan; Secretary, Mrs. James Lynch. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays. 12, 10

RENEWED LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James C. Walsh, Chancellor; Commander, Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, 10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 5, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Ralph Caplan, F. A. O. Stuart; J. W. Schwartz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 12, 10

CLAY LODGE, No. 153—Hugh S. Melick, Chief; Alexander Gilman, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays. 12, 10

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 22, Independent Order of Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lock, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. 12, 10

Local Matters.

Torpedo Station Storehouse.

Work will be begun in a short time on the construction of a new storehouse for the Torpedo Station, which will be of an unusual design. The specifications call for accommodations for a full size freight car, and it is the intention eventually to operate a car ferry between Newport and the station, so that material can be transported there in full loads without rehandling. This of course means that a new ferry boat must be provided, and inasmuch as the present boat has proved inadequate for all the needs of the station it is probable that Congress will sometime make provision for the new one, which will be of sufficient capacity to handle freight cars.

Bids were opened this week for the construction of the building, the lowest bidder being the Simpson Bros. Corporation of Boston at \$11,207, the only other bid being that of Darling & Slade at \$49,000. It will be a fireproof structure of concrete and terra cotta, and will be of sufficient capacity to furnish ample storage room for all the station needs.

A change will be started to-day in the method employed in paying the teachers of the public school department. Heretofore the teachers have received their pay in checks delivered to them in the office of the school department, but hereafter they will go to the city treasurer's office for their pay and will draw it in cash. They will also be paid on the first day of the month, which is considerably in advance of the date heretofore used.

The Inland Fish Commission of the State held a session at the Court House in this city on Thursday for the purpose of receiving applications and granting licenses for lobster fishing. There were many applications, and only a few licenses were held up.

Mr. F. B. G. d'Hauterville had his pocket picked in the South Station at Boston on Wednesday while boarding the train for Newport. He reported the loss of his pocket book containing \$175 in cash and other articles and the Boston police were notified.

Two wagons were in collision on Thames street on Thursday morning, and as a result the lighter one was completely upset and the driver thrown out. No one was injured and the wagon was not seriously damaged.

The tax assessors of the city of Newport are holding daily sessions for the purpose of assessing the tax for 1911.

Mr. Arthur B. Commerford has returned from his European trip.

Preferential Voting.

Professor Lewis J. Johnson, who spoke before the Chautauque Club last winter on the topic of "Preferential Voting," was again in Newport on Tuesday evening, when he delivered an address on the same subject at the Rogers High School hall. Professor Johnson came back at the request of a number of citizens who felt that this system of voting should have a wider explanation so that more persons might have an opportunity to grasp its fundamental principles. There were many prominent people present and all took a deep interest in the talk and also in the ballot that was taken among the audience.

Hon. William Paine Sheffield presided at the meeting and introduced the speaker, who went into his subject at once. He showed that under the present system of voting the voter can cast his ballot for only one man. To illustrate the proposed system, he had printed ballots distributed among the audience, bearing the names of candidates for Mayor of Newport, among the thirteen names on the ballot being those of Charles E. Hughes, Theodore Roosevelt, Nelson W. Aldrich, Champ Clark, William J. Bryan, and Chauncey M. Depew. The ballots were marked off into squares, with a place for a cross to mark the first, second or third choice. Each person was requested to mark the ballot in accordance with the directions and they were later collected and counted, when it was found that Charles E. Hughes was the choice of the gathering for Mayor.

Mr. Johnson also had printed slips showing the result of the election under the preferential system that was held in Grand Junction, Colorado, in November, 1903. He explained this in detail, showing how there was no choice on the first ballot, a majority being required to elect. By adding together those votes obtained on first and second choice there was still no majority, but after including the votes marked for third choice the man who stood third on the first ballot was declared elected. He showed that in an ordinary election, a man who was approved by a minority of the voters would have been declared elected on the first ballot, but under this system a man who was satisfactory to the majority was chosen.

The system has also been adopted in Spokane, Washington, and it is said that the first election resulted in a very satisfactory manner. A large number of votes were cast, including those of 10,000 women, and the class of men selected to rule that city of 101,000 inhabitants was far above the average. Cambridge, Mass., is interested in the plan and a number of other places have it under consideration. At the close of the evening, an opportunity was given to ask questions of Professor Johnson.

Mr. Daniel Leroy Dresser was the next speaker, and he told in an interesting manner of the boss rule in the great cities, particularly New York. He told of the system that Tammany uses in New York to control the elections, and showed them how the forces of graft are held together to support the Tammany candidate. He spoke of the various sources of revenue that are open to dishonest politicians in the city, a matter of some seven or eight millions being collected every year and turned over to the men behind the machine. He showed that politics there is only a means to an end, and is totally devoid of patriotism.

Dr. George W. Tupper gave an interesting lecture at the Colonial Theatre last Sunday afternoon, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., on the topic, "America, the Mac Maker." The lecture was illustrated by stereopticon views, and had to do with the important subject of immigration. The lecturer showed the conditions in the home lands of the various races, and then showed how the same people live after they have been in the United States for a time. He also told in an interesting way of the efforts that are made by many organizations, including the Y. M. C. A. to help these people to help themselves. Mr. Frederick Weir presided at the meeting and Rev. Joseph Cooper offered prayer.

Rev. Dr. Quirk is conducting a special series of services at the Second Baptist Church. Services are held each evening except Saturday and will continue through next week.

Dr. John A. Young has rented the Swinburne property between Rhode Island and Pocat Avenue, and will remove his office and residence there very shortly.

The Warner street property of the late Dr. N. R. Chase was sold at mortgagee's sale on Monday to Toller & DeWick for \$5,800, the bidding being quite brisk.

Another detachment of apprentices seamen from the Training Station has been transferred to the ships of the Atlantic fleet.

Spring Work on Highways.

The highway department will start on its spring and summer programs on Monday, when the steam rollers will be taken from winter quarters and put at work upon the highways. There has not been an inordinately amount of damage done to the streets through the winter, but still there is plenty of work for the department to do before the summer season opens. On the hill side streets, where in years past the department has expected to find all the top dressing washed off by the opening of spring, the use of tar has helped to preserve the surface and prevent washing.

There are some main streets that are in rather bad condition. The Bluntbury pavement on lower Broadway and Spring street has worn through considerably in spots and extensive repairs will be advisable. The outer Broadway "macadam" road is in bad shape. This principal street has never had a suitable foundation, the process of converting it from the dirt road of many years ago to its present state consisting principally of throwing crushed stone on the surface and rolling it in. Consequently when the frost comes out of the ground there is considerable heaving done. The top dressing of Dunelline is great stuff to keep down the dust in dry weather but it prevents the worn out accumulations from blowing away and makes fine mud in wet weather, and the same is true of Bellevue Avenue. Ocean Avenue has not been washed so badly this winter as sometimes, but there is work to be done there.

The lecture at the Coles School on Thursday evening by Mr. Frank M. Greenlaw was of an unusually interesting nature. The new projecting instrument, the balopticon, was presented to the public and its principles explained. This throws a picture on the wall, with this difference from the ordinary stereopticon that instead of requiring a plate to be made, the object itself is placed in the machine and the magnified image is thrown on the screen. Many objects were used to illustrate the working. The leg and wings of a fly were shown, the picture magnifying many times. A stop watch in motion, a tray of live goldfish and many other objects served to hold the close attention and interest of the audience.

The Rogers High School intends to put a winning team on the base ball field this season, and to that end have decided to engage a competent coach to look after the training of the players. There is some good material at the school this year and there is no reason why a good showing should not have been made by the close of the school year. The Rogers team has made quite a reputation in the past among the high schools and academies of this vicinity.

The New Haven road has sent a train of flat cars and a number of men to improve conditions in the freight yard here. A petition asking for an improvement in the condition there was sent to President Miller by men who are engaged in carting heavy freight from the yard. The wheels of the vehicles sunk so deep into the mud that it was difficult and expensive to handle freight.

Steamer New Shoreham has been taken to Providence where she will go into drydock for a thorough overhauling before entering upon her summer schedule to Block Island. She has encountered much bad weather during her trips to Block Island through the winter, and has been considerably shaken up.

During the Women's Jubilee of Foreign Missions held in this city last week, nearly \$3000 was raised by contributions. After deducting the expenses of the meetings, about \$2400 remained. This is considered an excellent showing for a city of the size of Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis N. Fullerton have the sympathy of their many friends in the loss of their youngest daughter, Gertrude Russell, who died on Monday after a short illness. The illness did not seem to be of a serious nature until Monday afternoon. She was only about six months old.

The police have displayed considerable activity of late in attempts to enforce the excise laws. The city is being rid of some objectionable characters, those taken in raids having their cases placed on probation on condition that they leave town immediately.

The general plan for the rebuilding of "Whitehall," the Newport residence of Mr. James J. Coggeshall, has been practically completed. Work will be begun as soon as possible and it is said that the new building will surpass the old.

The condition of City Physician John H. Sanborn, who has been ill for a long time, shows no improvement.

The new cold storage plant for the Charles Treadwell Company is being set up in position.

Funeral of George A. Brown.

Funeral services for the late George A. Brown were held last Sunday afternoon and were attended by a large gathering of associates, comrades and friends. The record was a long one, and was composed of the various organizations of which he was a member.

The remains were escorted from his late residence on Spring street to Kay Chapel, where the Episcopal service was conducted by Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church, assisted by Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D. Three hymns were sung by the choir of the Channing Memorial Church.

The body was then escorted to its last resting place in the Island Cemetery by a long line. The procession was headed by parent and past members of the Newport fire department, and after them came the Torpedo Station Mutual Benefit Association, the Coronet Council, No. 33, Royal Arcanum, and the special escort, Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R. The bearers were Colonel J. W. Horton, Col. Henry O. Stevens, Jr., Chief Engineer Andrew J. Kirwin, Assistant Engineer Edward T. Bosworth, John J. Moore, and Edwin H. Tilley.

Rev. Mr. Hughes read the committal service at the grave, and the Grand Army ritual was conducted by Commander William S. Bailey of Lawton-Warren Post. The casket was covered with the national colors, and a small American flag was placed on the breast.

Jamestown Financial Meeting.

There was an interesting town meeting in the town of Jamestown on Friday for the purpose of taking action in regard to the propositions of the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company. The principal question was whether the town should issue bonds for \$50,000 to be loaned on mortgage to the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company, of which \$40,000 is to be used to purchase the Narragansett Transportation Company, and the balance for repairs and improvements. Another question was as to the abandoning of the property on Market square in Newport, formerly occupied by the Adams Express building, so as to make a large open square there if the Newport police station is removed. Other questions for the consideration of the voters had to do with an increase in the school appropriation, the hiring of money in anticipation of taxes, and declaring Grinnell street a public highway.

Much interest was taken in the special town meeting, many arguments having been advanced for and against the loan to the ferry company. There was a good attendance of taxpayers, both among the permanent and summer residents.

The case brought by Richard Sears against Henry P. Walker for assault will come up for trial in the District Court on Friday next. This is a case growing out of the Walker divorce case that was heard in the Superior Court here a short time ago. Sears is a newspaper photographer of Boston and he claims that the defendant in this case assaulted him and smashed his camera while he was attempting to take a picture.

Francis Connor has got into trouble again and this time he was sent to the Reform School instead of being placed on probation. The present charge grew out of the larceny of a pocket book containing money from his aunt. He has been in frequent trouble with the police and it was thought that he would be better off at the Rockanisset School.

Contributions are being received by Mr. Thomas B. Congdon of the Aquidneck National Bank toward the cost of erecting a drinking fountain for horses on the west side of Touro Park. In view of the fact that there is now no drinking fountain in that vicinity it is felt that this would be a great help to the horses during the summer.

Rev. George Whitefield Mead, Ph. D., formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, has been compelled by poor health to withdraw from his pastoral work for the present and has organized the Whitridge Realty Company which will deal in land for homesites at Whitridge Park, Nutley, N. J.

Mrs. Ella M. Cherry read an interesting paper on Clean Journalism at the Christian Science parlors on Bellevue Avenue on Monday evening. The paper cited the Christian Science Monitor as an example of the clean modern journalism.

Miss Katherine M. Stevens is able to attend to her duties at the City Clerk's office, after having been housed by illness for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Andrews, who are now abroad, plan to come to their Newport residence early in June.

Mr. Robert Warren has assumed his duties as boys' secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

New Officers' Quarters.

Bids were opened this week at the office of the Constructing Quartermaster at Fort Adams for the erection of a large building at the Fort for quarters for four officers. The plans are drawn in accordance with the most modern ideas, and the building will cost something over \$30,000. Inasmuch as many of the present quarters at the Fort are showing signs of age, it is thought probable that other buildings of a similar character to the one about to be erected will go up there in the near future. The bids for the construction of the new building are interesting, as showing the variations in the estimates. The highest bid was \$48,000 and the lowest \$29,885, a difference of nearly \$20,000. The time required for completion varied from three to ten months. The specification called for an alternative bid on supplying a tile roofing and the estimate for the additional cost of this varied from \$75 to \$2400. The bids received were as follows:

M. A. McCormick, Newport—Construction, \$28,600; additional for tile roofing, \$76; to be completed in ten months.

Amity Construction Company, New York—Construction, \$35,574; additional for tile roofing, \$1,000; work to be completed in 10 months.

Thomas F. Keefer, Newport—Construction, \$35,997; additional for tile roofing, \$350; deducting for special pipe covering, \$35; work to be completed in five months.

Conners Brothers Company, Lowell, Mass.—Construction, \$37,950; additional for tile roofing, \$2,400; work to be completed in eight months.

Darling & Slade, Newport—Construction, \$31,848; additional for tile roofing, \$250; deducting for special pipe covering, \$40; work to be completed in six months.

Kerr & Beeson, Newport—Construction, \$34,425; additional for tile roofing, \$325; deducting for special pipe covering, \$35; work to be completed in seven months.

John J. Fitzpatrick & Sons, Plainfield, N. Y.—Construction, \$35,989; additional for tile roofing, \$200; work to be completed by December 20, 1911.

James Porizzo, New York—Construction, \$48,000; additional for tile roofing, \$200; work to be completed in eight months.

Robert A. Smith, Newport—Construction, \$36,218; additional for tile roofing, \$400; deducting for special pipe covering, \$50; work to be completed in 154 days.

Robert Wolfenden, Newport—Construction, \$41,680; additional for tile roofing, \$325; deducting for special pipe covering, \$47; work to be completed in eight months.

O. D. Burlington & Co., Providence—Construction, \$34,950; additional for tile roofing, \$1,600; deducting for special pipe covering, \$50; work to be completed by December 1, 1911.

Patrick H. Marks, Newport—Construction, \$40,465; work to be completed in three months.

W. H. Russell Company, New York—Construction \$31,800; additional for tile roofing, \$500; work to be completed by December 1, 1911.

Henry G. Porter, Middleboro, Mass.—Construction, \$29,885; additional for tile roofing, \$380; work to be completed by October 15, 1911.

Recent Deaths.

James R. Palmer.

Mr. James H. Palmer died suddenly at his home on Church street on Wednesday in his seventy-sixth year. On account of advancing years and failing health he had been obliged to confine himself pretty closely to the house for some time, but the end came very suddenly.

Mr. Palmer was a steam engineer and had worked at that trade practically all his life. Coming here from his native place, Assonet, Mass., when about sixteen years of age, all of his active manhood had been spent here with the exception of a time that he was employed as an engineer on the Slade's ferry boat at Fall River. While there he suffered severe injuries to his leg which required its amputation. In his early years he was engaged in the express business in this city, before he went to Fall River. After his accident there, he returned to Newport, and was for a time employed as engineer at the pumping station at the basin, maintained by the Old Colony Railroad.

He was afterward engineer at the Swinburne-Peckham mill until that firm retired from business. For several seasons he was employed as gatekeeper at Easton's Beach.

Mr. Palmer is survived by three daughters, Mrs. Frank G. Scott and Mrs. Samuel C. Bailey of Newport, and Mrs. Edward Randall of Washington. He was a member of the Stationary Engineers Association.

The automobile of Mr. Robert Golet of Newport and New York struck and killed a small child in Chester, N. Y., last Sunday. Mr. Golet picked the child up and hurried to obtain aid for her but she succumbed to her injuries. No blame was attached to the owner of the car, as witnesses declared that he was on his way to fault.

A local driver has been fined in the police court for blocking the highway on Thames street and having some talk to the officer on duty when told to give way.

MIDDLETOWN.

Mrs. John R. Coggeshall presented the subject, "Prominent Old Men," before the Old Men's Club last week at the home of Mrs. Elbert Hixon on Gypson Lane. To condense the topic it was divided in the following groups—philanthropy, reformers, women in science, in literature, in art, in the drama, as sycophants. But brief mention could be made of many and the time was devoted principally to those who had contributed the largest amount of good to the world at large. Portraits of them were shown.

A Herd Feeding Association was formed Friday evening of last week at the town hall which included the following members: Dennis J. Murphy, James H. Barker, Dr. F. de M. Hertram, Joseph E. Kline, William Coggeshall, Patrick Murphy. This number, all milkmen, entered into an agreement to weigh their milk one day out of each month and send the result to the authorities at Kingston College, together with the weight of the feed used. An average could thus be secured so that the farmers could see where they stood regarding profits. The association is not restricted to numbers and will be glad to welcome any who are interested in this experiment. Professor Howard Burdick was present from the College and his address and remarks were very instructive and helpful. The meeting was really a result of the lecture he gave at the College in the December free lecture course upon "The Robber Cow," the cow that eats up the profits and that should be replaced by one more profitable. Mr. James H. Barker, Mr. Dennis Murphy and others were the promoters to secure the services of Prof. Burdick at this meeting.

Mrs. Elma May Peckham and Miss Ellen Smith returned Saturday from a three months' trip South and in the West, where they spent the greater portion of the time in California. Mr. Arnold Smith, Miss Smith's brother, who had been with them in California, returned a week earlier.

Mr. Lewis Eugene Peckham returned from a three months' trip in Florida on Friday, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Peckham returned from their winter home, in Euclid, Florida, Saturday morning. Mr. Peckham expects to resume the poultry business, having brought home with him a flock of 800 hens. Mr. and Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham and family expect to leave Euclid the 30th.

Aquidneck Grange has recently taken in five new members and has received as many more applications for admittance. A fresh interest seems to have arisen not only in the local granges but in the County Grange in Rhode Island, since the opening of the new year.

An attempt is being made to remove the telephone poles from along Forest Avenue, Middletown, to Union street, Portsmouth, and have them rest in the fields instead of the highway. Land owners are making serious objections to having their shade trees on the main thoroughfares mutilated, to accommodate the telephone wires. As far as possible the company will endeavor to place the poles along walls so that they may not interfere with the cultivation of the fields. Mr. O. G. Berry of Springfield, whose special business is to secure permission for the farmers for this transfer, has been in town the past two weeks in the interests of the American Long Distance Telephone Co., and reports more objection here than in some of the other States.

Mrs. Fred Spooner of Gypson Lane, suffered a serious laceration of her face, ear and arm, last week as the result of being bitten by a large vicious dog while about to visit a neighbor. A number of stitches had to be taken by a physician.

Mr. John Simmons, who has been a great sufferer all winter from acute rheumatism, is under the care of a Boston specialist and is being treated for hardening of the muscles.

Town Clerk Albert L. Chase, while not able to be down stairs, is still endeavoring to continue a portion of his work in his room where he has been housed for two weeks past. His malady seems to be aggravated by lying down and his lack of sleep greatly retards his recovery.

A special meeting of the School Committee was called for Friday evening to consider ways and means for relieving the congested condition of the schools. With the opening of the new term, May 1st, many more children are expected in each district and three of the schools are now taxed to their full seating capacity. The Peabody School seats 40. Has now an attendance of 45 and is expecting next term 6 more. The Wyatt has 32 pupils, its full seating capacity, with a prospect of 7 new ones next term. The Witherbee is in a similar condition.

Rev. Laeta Griswold is spending the spring vacation at Charleston, S. C. Lenten services in the Berkeley Parish are being discontinued to his absence and the Berkeley Chapel is left in charge of Mr. Philip Eaton, a lay reader.

Rev. and Mrs. Delmaster and their son Edgar, left Friday for their new home in West Bridgewater, Mass. They have made a host of friends who deeply regret their departure. Mr. Delmaster gave the last in his series of Sunday evening illustrated lectures on last Sunday evening at the Methodist Episcopal Church before a large audience.

The annual town meeting will be held at the Town Hall on Wednesday next, and as usual there are two tickets in the field. It is generally believed that this year the Republican nominees will be successful at the polls. They have put up strong able men who know what is for the best interests of the citizens of the town, and should be elected. It is feared that Mr. Albert J. Chase, the veteran town clerk, will not be able to attend the meeting, which will be the first one that he has missed in his long term of office.



The Honorable Senator Sagebrush

By
FRANCIS LYNDE

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CHAPTER VI.

ON THE WING OF OCCASIONS.

FROM the time it was heralded in the mammoth New Year's edition of the Plaindealer as "the newest, the finest and the most luxurious hotel west of the Missouri" the Inter-Mountain hotel in the Sagebrush capital had been the gathering place of the political class. After the solid costliness of Wartrace Hall and the thirty mile spin in a high powered roadster, which was only one of the three high priced motor carriages in the Wartrace garage, Evan Blount was not surprised to find his father registered in permanence for one of the private dining room suits at the Inter-Mountain.

It was very evident that the simple life which had been the rule of the Circle Bar ranch household had become a thing of the past, and, though he charged the new and extravagant order of things to the ambition of his father's wife, he could not cavil at it, since he was himself a sharer in its comforts and luxuries.

For the first few days he was left almost wholly to his own devices. Beyond giving him a good many introductions as the opportunities for them came in the semipublic life of the hotel his father made few demands upon him, and they met only at luncheon and dinner, the first of which was usually served in their suit, while for the latter they went to the cafe. But Gantry was back, and he was always available.

Almost before he realized it Blount had been put in touch with the busy, breezy life of the city and was exchanging nods or handshakes with more people than he had ever known in Cambridge or Boston.

"Pretty good little old town, isn't it?" laughed Gantry one day, when he had told Blount away from the Inter-Mountain luncheon to share a table with him in the Railway club. "Get things so you feel a little more at home with us?"

"If I'm not it isn't your fault, Dick, or the fault of your friends. Naturally I expected some sort of welcome as David Blount's son, but that doesn't seem to cut any figure at all."

Gantry's smile was inscrutable. "The people with whom I eat the largest figure will never let you know anything about it. Just the same, it's cutting a good bit of ice. I have met a dozen men, more or less, within the past day or so who have discovered that you are the brainiest thing that ever escaped from the law school."

"Tommyrot!" derided Blount. "It's a fact. And they are prophesying all sorts of a future for you." And again Gantry's smile was broadly sly.

"Like what?" scoffed the listener.

"Well, for one thing, they are saying that you are pretty sure to run for attorney general this fall. It's all over town. Everybody's talking about it—talking a lot and guessing a good deal more."

Blount was balancing a spoon on the edge of his clear glass and frowning abstractedly. It was the first little discord in the filial harmony—almost a breach of confidence. Without consulting his wishes, without waiting for his decision, his snapper had committed him—"taken snap judgment upon him," was the way he phrased it.

"Dick, will you believe me if I say that I haven't authorized any such talk as this you've been hearing?" he asked.

This time Gantry's smile was a grin. "The honorable senator took it out of your hands, did he? You'll understand that I don't mean any disrespect when I say it's just like him. If he has stated you, you are booked to run, and if he runs you you'll be elected. Those are two of the things that say themselves in the Sagebrush State."

Blount was indignant—"Justly indignant," he called it.

"If that is the case, Dick, it is high time that some one should break the charm. I haven't said that I would accept the nomination, and I am not at all sure that I shall say so. And if I don't say so that settles it."

Gantry was plainly shocked. "You don't mean to say that you've got nerve enough to buck the old man—your father, I mean? Why, great cats. Evan, you don't know what that stands for in the greasewood hills!"

"And I don't care, Dick. Up to this present moment I am a free moral agent. I haven't surrendered any right of decision to any one so far as I am aware."

Gantry's eyes dropped to his plate, and his rejoinder was not altogether free from guilt.

"Will you authorize me to contradict the talk as I can?" he asked quickly. Blount was still warm enough to be peremptory. "Yes; you may contra-

dict it. You may say that it is wholly unauthorized." Then he remembered the claims of friendship. "I'll be frank with you, Gantry. This thing has been mentioned to me once, but nothing was decided, absolutely nothing. I didn't even promise to take it under advisement."

Among those who knew him externally Mr. Richard Gantry had the reputation of owning a loose tongue. But none knew better than the real Richard Gantry when to make the loose tongue wag away from the subject which has reached its nicely adjusted climax.

Almost before he knew it Evan Blount was gossiping with his table companion over a social function two days old. A little later the waiter brought the cigars, and the danger point, if any there were, was safely past.

It was when the two young men were on their way to the club smoking room that some one stopped Gantry to talk business with him.

Blount strolled on by himself and, finding the smoking room, went to lounge in a lazy chair, whose chief attraction was that it stood half hidden in a little alcove lined with bookcases. He craved solitude and a chance to think things over fairly and without heat.

A few minutes later Gantry looked in and, apparently missing the half concealed easy chair and its occupant in the bookcase alcove, went his way.

He was scarcely gone before two men entered, coming down the corridor from the grill room.

Blount saw them, and he made sure that they saw him. But when they had taken chairs on the other side of the room he was suddenly assured that they had not seen him. They were talking quite freely of him and of his father.

"Well, the Honorable Sagebrush has got McVickar dead to rights this time," said the elder of the two, a full faced man, to whom Blount had been introduced on his first day in the capital, but whose name and station he could not recall. "This scheme of putting his son up for attorney general is the foxiest thing the senator has ever put across. You can bet the air was blue in the Transcontinental Chicago offices when the news got there."

"What do you suppose McVickar will do?" asked the other.

"He will do anything the senator wants him to do. Blount is land hungry, and I guess he'll take a few more sections of the railroad mesa land under the Clearwater ditch. That was what he did two years ago, when McVickar wanted the right of way for the branch through Carnadine county."

"Don't you believe he's going to take any little Christmas gift this time," was the rasping reply. "He'll sell the railroad something and take good hard money for it. It's a cinch. The railroad can't afford to have the courts against it, and McVickar will be made to sweat blood. You watch the wheels go round when McVickar comes out here."

Evan Blount found himself turning sick at heart. Could it be his father whom they were thus calmly accusing of graft and trickery and blackmailing methods?

His first impulse was to face the two men, to demand proofs, to do and say what a loyal son should. But the sickening conviction that they were discussing only well assured and well known facts crushed him back into his chair, and after that he was anxious for only one thing—that they might finish their cigars and go away without discovering him.

Fate was kind to him thus far. After a little further talk, in which the accepted point of view of the onlooker was made still more painfully evident, the younger of the two men spoke of an engagement, and they both went out together.

One clear thought, and only one, came to Evan out of the sorrowful confusion. Not for any inducement that could be offered would he now lend himself to the furtherance of his father's plans.

Beyond this he did not go in the miserable hour wrought out in the quiet of the club smoking room.

But when he rose to go another prompting was forcing its way to the front—a prompting to throw himself boldly into the scale against graft and chicanery, to redeem by whatsoever means might offer the good old name that had been so shamefully dragged in the mire.

He did not know just how it was to be done, but he would find a way. That it would be full of thorns he could not doubt, since every step in it would open, and widen the breach between him and his father. But, though it should lead him to the bar of justice as that father's accuser, he must walk in it. He said to himself in a fresh access of determination that, though he might have to blush for his father, Patricia should not be made ashamed for her lover.

Upon leaving the club he hesitated long enough on the steps to remember that he was in no fit frame of mind to risk an immediate meeting with his father. To avoid the chance he crossed the street and, passing through the

capitol grounds, strode aimlessly out one of the residence streets until he came to the open country.

It was quite late in the afternoon when he re-entered the city by another street, and boarded a trolley car for the downtown center. The long afternoon tramp and the conclusions it had bred made it imperative for him to see Gantry before the traffic manager should have left his office for the day.

His business with the railroad man was purely personal. He meant to ask Gantry a few pointed questions, requiring such answers as friendship may demand. If Gantry's answers were what he feared they would be he would seek his father and come at once to a plain understanding with him.

The trolley car dropped him within a square of the railway station, on the second floor of which Gantry had his office. The shortest way to the Sierra avenue end of the station building was through the great train shed.

Halfway up the block-long platform Blount met the incoming overland steaming in from the east. At the Sierra avenue crossing the yard crew was cutting off a private car. Blount saw the number on the medalion, "008," and noted half absently the rich window hangings and the polished brass platform railings.

A car inspector in greasy overalls and jumper was tapping the wheels with his long handled hammer.

"Whose car is this?" asked Blount.

"Tis Mighler McVickar's, sorr—the vice president of the company," said the man.

Blount turned away, saying something which the hammer man mistook for a word of thanks. So the vice president had come, hastening upon the wing of occasions. It seemed, and in the light of the overheard conversation in the club smoking room it was only too easy to guess his errand in the Sagebrush capital. He had come to make such terms as he could with the man who was going to hold him up.

CHAPTER VII.
A BATTLE OF COURTESY.

BLOUNT had been battling between two opinions. The fighting blood in him prompted him to stay and set up the standard of honesty and fair dealing in the Blount name, to gather a few men of like convictions around him and to enter the political conflict at the head of a movement designed at once and forever to abolish machine dictatorship in his native state.

But, on the other hand, the claims of blood could not be altogether ignored. The campaign for political cleanliness would inevitably involve his father—would, if successful, defeat and disgrace him. Clearly it was the part of filial duty to hesitate before he should set his hand to this particular plow of reform. Would it not be better for him to drop out quietly, leaving the political housecleaning for some one who would not have to pay such a costly price for the leadership?

Thus the two promptings clamored each for his hearing. But, after all, it was chance and the swift current of the occasion that decided for him and swept him along into the vortex of action.

Before he had gone ten steps toward Gantry's office some one in the throng of debarking overland passengers called his name. When he turned he was facing a white haired old gentleman with a scholarly face and an amiable twist to his thin lips, a man and a straight figured maiden with level eyes and a face in which the inherited traits were softened into lines of thoughtful firmness and serenity.

"Why, bless my soul, of all the lucky things I've accumulated the young man, who but an instant before had been battling between two opinions. 'You don't mean to tell me that this is the way to which you were lucky things' coming, Patricia?"

"It is, and you're to blame, young man," snapped the father of the peerless maid. "If you're been telling me this about those megaloaurine which you said could be dug out of your sagebrush hills you'll pay far more back home again—understand? Now show us to the best hotel in this mushroom city of yours, and do it quickly."

Having a definite thing to do, Blount forgot his problem and bestirred himself hospitably.

Though it was only three squares to the Inter-Mountain, he chartered the best looking auto he could find in the hack rank, put his charges into it and went with them to do the honors at the hotel, thereby missing two things which might have had an important bearing on the temporarily forgotten problem.

If he had gone directly to the office of the traffic manager on the second floor of the station building he could hardly have missed meeting a tall, full faced man coming out of Gantry's private room, and he might have overheard the visitor's parting word to Gantry: "Oh, yes; he fell for it all right. If you'd seen his face when Lackner and I came away you'd have said there were battle, murder and sudden death in it for somebody."

"But, see here, Bradbury," Gantry held his visitor to say, "it wasn't the game that you were to fill him up with a lot of lies. I won't stand for that, you know. He is too good a fellow and too good a friend of mine."

It was at this juncture that Blount, if he had been present and invisible, would have seen a sour smile wrinkle upon the full face of the club gossip.

"It wasn't necessary. If he or the senator wanted to sue me for libel we could prove every word that was said. And let him—got him right in the solar plexus. If you don't see some fireworks within the next few days I

miss my guess and lose my auto."

On the other hand, if Evan had lingered a few minutes longer on the station platform he would have marked Vice President McVickar crossing to the carriage stand, followed by the private car porter bearing impedimenta. At the carriage rank the vice president climbed heavily into the senator's roadster, which seemed to have been arranged for in advance, and was whisked stormily up to the Inter-Mountain, where he traced his illegible name in the great guest book two minutes after Blount, still anxious for the comfort of Professor Amers and the serene eyed maid, had gone up in the elevator with them to see that the rooms to which they had been assigned were all that they should be.

Coming down a few minutes later to give the several luggage checks to the hotel porter, Blount missed another incident which might have sent him back suddenly to his problem and its unsettled condition. When Mr. McVickar turned away from the clerk's desk it was to shake hands perfunctorily with the owner of the fast roadster.

"Well, senator," he said, with a certain dogged emphasis, "I'm here. Let's and a place where we can talk it out." And together they entered an elevator, which, as chance would have it, passed, in ascending, the car in which the younger Blount was coming down.

It was to the senator's suit that the two opposing field commanders made their way when their car reached the fourth floor. In the senator's sitting room McVickar dragged a chair over to one of the windows which commanded a view of the Lost River mountains and, dropped into it massively.

"I suppose we may cut out the preliminaries and come to the point at once," he began. "Ackerton wired me that you had definitely announced your son as a candidate for the attorney generalship. Have you?"

The senator was opening a box of cigars, and his reply savored of good natured irony.

"The primaries do the nominating in this state, Hardwick. Didn't you know that?" he asked mildly.

"See here, Blount, I've come 3,000 miles to thrash this thing out with you, and I'm not in the humor to spar for an opening. Do you mean to run your son or not? That is a plain question, and I'd like a plain answer."

"I told you two weeks ago what I meant to do, McVickar, but you wouldn't believe me. I'll say it again if you want to hear it."

"And I told you two weeks ago that we couldn't stand for it; that you might name your own price for an alternative."

"Yes, and I told you my price. If you happen to remember."

"I know. You said you wanted us to turn everything over to the reformers and take our chances on a clean administration. Naturally we are not going to do any such utopian thing. What I want to know now is what it is going to cost us to get your consent to do the practical and possible thing."

"Want to buy me outright this time, do you?" said the boss, still smiling gently.

"We"—McVickar was going to say, "we bought you before," but he changed it to a less offensive form—"We have had no difficulty in arriving at some sensible and practical conclusions in the past, Blount, and we shouldn't have now. We can't let you have your son for attorney general. That's out of the question. If you put your son in as public prosecutor you can have but one object in view—you mean to squeeze us till the blood runs. We're willing to discount that object before the fact."

"So you have said before a number of times and in a number of different ways," was the mild counter suggestion.

"I shan't say it many more times, David. You're pushing me too far."

"What will you say then?"

"Just this—if you won't meet me halfway, if you insist upon a fight, I'll fight you with any weapons I can get hold of."

"You've said that in other campaigns, Hardwick, and in the end you've always been like the possum that offered to come down out of the tree if the man wouldn't shoot."

"I'll hand you another proverb to go with that one," snapped the man in the chair by the window. "The pitcher that goes often to the well is sure to be broken at last. You've got a point in four."

"You've always been able to laugh at publicity before. Can you stand it now?"

"I reckon I'll have to stand it if you buy up a few newspapers, as you usually do," was the half quizzical reply, then for an added kick of the whip, "You and your folks can't paint me much blacker than you have always painted me, Hardwick."

"Maybe not, but this time we're going to give you a chance to start a few libel suits—if you think you can afford to appear in the courts. We've got all the evidence in black and white. We might possibly make your own state too hot to hold you. Have you thought of that?"

"Go ahead and try it," was the laconic response.

"But that isn't all," the man in the window chair went on remorselessly. "Your fellow citizens here know you for exactly what you are, Blount. You rule them with a rod of iron, but that rule can be broken. When it is broken you'll be looked upon as a criminal. In our last talk together you had something to say to me about our not keeping up with the change in public sentiment. It has changed—changed so far that it is coming to demand the punishment of the great offenders as well as the flogging of the little ones. If we want to push this fight hard enough it is not impossible that you may find yourself a broken man at the end of it, David."

"I'm taking all the chances," was the even toned rejoinder.

"But there is one chance I am sure you haven't considered—this son of yours! I know as much about him as you do—more, perhaps, for I have taken more pains to keep tabs on him

for the past few years than you do. He is clean, and straight, Blount—son for any man to be proud of. If that is the real reason why we are afraid to have him instructing the grand juries of this state it is also your best reason for keeping the past decently under cover. What will you say to him when the newspapers open up on you? And what will he say to you? Had you thought of that?"

For the first time since the beginning of the one sided conference the senator laid his cigar aside and sat thoughtfully tugging at the drooping mustaches.

"You'd set the house afire over my head, would you, Hardwick?" he queried, with the gray eyes lighting threateningly; then, "The last time we talked you posted your debt; now I'll post mine. You go ahead and do your worst. The boy and I will try to see that you don't have all the fun. I won't say that you mightn't turn him if you went at it right. But you won't go at it right, and as matters stand now—well, blood is thicker than water, and if you hit me you hit him. And I reckon between us we'll manage to give you as good as you send. That's all," rising to lean heavily upon the table, "all but one thing. You fight fair, Hardwick. Say anything

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"YOU'D SET THE HOUSE AFIRE OVER MY HEAD, WOULD YOU, HARDWICK?"

You like about me, but if that boy has anything in his past that I don't know about, that he wouldn't want to see published, you let it alone and keep your newspaper reporters off it."

The vice president laughed. He was of those who regain equality in exact proportion as an opponent loses it.

"You needn't let the boy's record trouble you," he averred. "It's as clean as a hound's tooth. That is one of the things I'm banking on, David. I'm going to have that young fellow fighting on our side before we're through."

At this the gray eyes under the penthouse brows flamed fiercely, and the senator took the two strides needful to place him before the man in the chair.

"Don't you do that, McVickar. I give you fair warning," he said, his deep toned voice rumbling like the purr of grinding wheels. "There's only one way you could do it."

The vice president stood up and put on his hat. "And you'll take precious good care that I don't get a chance to try that way, you were going to say. All right, David. You tell me to do my worst, and I'll hand that back to you too. You do the same, and we'll see who comes out ahead!"

It was some five minutes later when the vice president had made his leisurely way down to the lobby. The electric lights blazed out, and the great gathering place was beginning to take on its evening air of stir and activity. Mr. McVickar pushed his way to the desk, and a row of lately arrived guests waited when he asked his question.

"Where will I be most likely to find Mr. Evan Blount at this time of day?" was the question he wished to have answered, and the obliging clerk made the line wait still longer while he summoned a bellboy and sent him scurrying across to one of the writing tables.

"This is Mr. Evan Blount," he said to the railroad magnate, indicating the young man who came up with the bellboy. "Mr. Blount, this is Mr. Hardwick McVickar, first vice president of the Transcontinental Railway company."

There was no trace of the recent battle in Mr. McVickar's voice or manner when he turned and shook hands cordially with the son of the man who had defied him.

"Your father and I were just holding a little conference over your future prospects, Mr. Blount," he said, going straight to his point. "Suppose you come down to the car with me for a little private talk on the legal situation. I'm not sure but we shall wish to retain you in a cause that is coming up in September. Gantry tells me that you are pretty well up in corporation law. Can you spare me a half hour or so?"

Evan Blount glanced at his watch. Patricia had told him that she and her father would dine in the cafe at 7 and that there would be room at their table for him and for his father. If the ex-senator would so far honor a poor college professor. There was an hour to spare, and if the vice president of the Transcontinental company were not the king he was at least a great man whose invitation was in some sense a command.

It was at the precise moment when the butterfly doors of the lobby entrance were winging to their closing behind Mr. McVickar and his quarry that the house telephone called the registry clerk. A sad faced tourist who was waiting, pen in hand, for his room assignment heard only the answer to the question which came over the wires from one of the upper floors.

"No, senator," the clerk was saying: "he has just this moment gone out—take him? I'll try. But I don't know where they were going. I'll send a boy right away, though."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Office Telephone 181
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Saturday, April 1, 1911.

Look out for the first of April. Don't be an April Fool.

The appointments made by Governor Pottier to the new board of police commissioners for the city of Providence are universally approved as excellent selections. It is believed that conditions in that city will be materially improved by the creation of this commission.

After every great fire disaster the authorities of every city and State interfere themselves in strict enforcement of the laws regarding buildings where there are many occupants, but it has hitherto been the case that the stringent demands in that city will be materially improved by the creation of this commission.

The damage done to the great State House in Albany is estimated to require \$1,000,000 to repair, while the loss of books and records that cannot be replaced is beyond estimate. To think that this disastrous fire occurred in a so-called fire-proof building does not give a very high estimate of the value of fire-proofing.

The war in Mexico goes merrily on, and neither side seems to be obtaining any particular advantage. From present indications there is no immediate probability of a change in the present conditions for some months to come. If our troops have to remain on the Mexican border all summer they will pray for cool weather to come on.

It behooves every man interested in the development of Narragansett Bay, as well as every man interested in the welfare of our navy, to work for the establishment of a drydock in the Bay. It has been shown conclusively in these columns that the New York Navy Yard is totally unfit to care for the vessels of our fleet and the time is certainly coming when that site will be abandoned. There is but one logical location for a big drydock, and that one place is Narragansett Bay. Our Senators and Representatives in Congress should bend every effort toward securing it.

Congress Once More.

Congress will be in session again on Tuesday next, and the real of the spring and summer business will be affected by the continued fear that the Democratic majority will do something to its detriment. President Taft is a very stubborn man and his stubbornness in this case has worked great harm to the business interests of the country. The thing he hoped to gain in a few months, earlier action on his pet reciprocity treaty of Canada, will in no way compensate the country for this delay on the returning business activity after two years of depression. When Congress gets together on April 4, it will take a long time before they reach an adjournment. In all probability November will see them still in session. Some of the work of Congress is wrapped out. There seems to be a general understanding that the House will pass the reciprocity bill and a measure giving the President authority to arrange for an extension of the agreement with Canada without further action upon the matter by Congress. According to report it is also intended by the Senators to pass a bill to compensate the agricultural interests of the country for possible untoward effects flowing from the enactment of the bill giving effect to the reciprocity agreement. As a feature of such a measure there has been suggested the removal of the duties on agricultural machinery, on binding twine and on cotton ties. While the form, manner and extent of the tariff legislation have not been definitely determined upon, it is believed that the woolen and cotton schedules will be taken up and reduced to suit the Democratic ideas.

The President is said to favor a change in the woolen schedule but he does not desire a general tariff revision. In order to avoid tariff tinkering at this time he has directed the temporary tariff board to make a report on the woolen schedule by December 1 next, in time for the regular session, and he is understood to entertain the belief that the work of Congress should be done in the light of the information presented by the tariff experts. Here the views of the President and of the House majority widely diverge. He is extremely anxious to have a law passed creating a permanent tariff commission, with the view of having the tariff legislation of the future based, as far as possible, upon grounds which are scientific rather than political in their character. The House leaders, on the other hand, are against the proposal to establish a tariff commission or board, and are convinced that it would be inexpedient for their party welfare to delay revising at least the schedules already mentioned. It is possible that events may bring about some modification of these conditions, but at present affairs seem to be shaping themselves along the lines here indicated. And the public had better school themselves to patience and business to wait.

The New York Navy Yard.

The question of the removal of the New York Navy Yard to a more suitable locality, which had for a long time pressed itself upon the attention of the naval authorities, because a prominent subject for examination by the House Committee on Naval Affairs at the first session of the Forty-first Congress. It was rendered more urgent by the recommendation of General Shoup, the Representative of the Brooklyn Congressional District, backed by the great mass of the leading merchants and influential citizens of the city of New York. In this connection the following condensed and carefully prepared reasons for the proposed removal of the Brooklyn Navy Yard was submitted to the Naval Committee, and largely influenced this result to which they finally arrived, reporting in favor of the abolition and removal of the Brooklyn Yard.

The reasons which originally led to the selection of this site were, no doubt:

1. There was a ship-building plant already there, where the frigate Adams had been built for the government. This plant could be utilized at once.
2. Its supposed adaptation to the defense of New York.
3. Its vicinity to the sources of supply for labor, materials, etc., etc.

These reasons, however, controlling at the time of its selection, have but little or no bearing upon the question of its continuance. For:

1. The experience of modern naval warfare has demonstrated the indispensable necessity of locating the base of defense at a distance from the objective point of attack. The rapid growth of New York and Brooklyn has now brought the site into the heart of the commerce of these cities. This fact renders the navy-yard not only inadequate as a means of defense, but a positive element of weakness, inasmuch as a hostile attack would involve at once both the destruction of the yard and the cities and commerce which it was located to defend.

2. The increased facilities for transportation by land and water have brought New York into easy and cheap communication with any point on the coast where it would be desirable to collect the materials and labor for a naval establishment.
3. The reasons which induced the original selection having ceased to be controlling, the question is now presented to Congress whether it ought not to discontinue the establishment at a place conceded to be "insufficient and ill adapted to the purpose, and at once adopt a site possessing all the advantages for a great naval establishment. This course, it is believed, is demanded by the best interests of the navy, and by sound considerations of public economy.

1. The present site, in the estimation of the department and of good judges, convenient with its value, would readily sell for more than twenty millions of dollars.

2. A new site, with vastly superior advantages, can be thoroughly completed and equipped as a first-class naval establishment for less than five millions of dollars—amounting to the country at least fifteen millions of dollars.

3. The discontinuance is strongly recommended by the Bureau of Yards and Docks in their report embodied in the last report of the Secretary of Navy. It is urged by the Representative of the Brooklyn District in the House, who asks it in the name of the commercial constituency which he represents. The Chamber of Commerce of New York and a large number of its leading merchants have also memorialized the Secretary of Navy to take immediate steps towards the preparation of a site, (now in the possession of the government) which affords protection to the commerce of the city with which they are so largely identified.

The following are some of the prominent objections to the present site:

1. The available water front is insufficient. This occasional great inconvenience and delay in the frequent removal of vessels, and often a large expense in hiring private docks for their accommodation.
2. There is no adjacent roadstead in which vessels can safely anchor while going into or out of commission, the waters in front of the yard being constantly traversed by the immense navigation of the city.
3. The channel is narrow, and subject to extraordinary deposits from the sewerage of the city, involving a large annual expense for dredging.
4. A right of way is reserved to the city for drainage through the yard, and the contents of its sewers are discharged into the docks where the vessels lie. The effect of this, as stated by the bureau, and the commandant of the yard, is "to destroy, in a few months, the copper on the bottoms of the vessels."
5. The area of land, about 200 acres, is inadequate to the wants of a first-class establishment, and cannot be enlarged without enormous expense.
6. The growth of the cities of Brooklyn and Williamsburg, up to and around the yard, renders it difficult to preserve the police arrangements, or the morale of its operatives.
7. The immediate neighborhood of extensive oil works, gas works, and other manufacturing establishments, threatens at all times the property of the Government collected here, (amounting to many millions of dollars) with destruction by fire.

The following are extracts from an official report from the House Committee on Naval Affairs to Congress, relating to the removal of the Navy Yard from Brooklyn, N. Y.

As further indicative of the intelligent public sentiment of the country in favor of the removal of the New York Navy Yard, the following memorial, addressed to the honorable Secretary of the Navy by the principal merchants and business men of New York, and forwarded to him in November, 1889, will show how deep an interest they took in the subject and its importance to their view in connection with the defenses of that city.

"The undersigned believe, in addition to the intrinsic advantages of this location (New London) for a navy-yard, that it is for that purpose would largely contribute to the protection of the commerce of Long Island sound, and of the great city of New York, in the event of a naval war. It may be assumed that this country has, in a future war with a foreign Power, nothing to fear except for its commerce, and the cities adjacent to the coast. But in the event of a naval war, the first point of attack would undoubtedly be the city of New York, as it largely concentrates the capital and the commerce of the nation. That city at present is nearly defenseless to a foreign foe in its approaches from the ocean through Long Island sound. The sound once entered forms a great natural roadstead or harbor for a foreign fleet. It was occupied by the British navy in the war of 1812, threatening the whole coast line and the city of New York itself. The site at New London is the strategic point, which covers the entrance of the sound, and in the opinion of competent engineers and naval authorities occupied as a naval station would furnish adequate protection to the city of New York and the commerce of the sound, thus guarding the communication between the great industries of New England and their natural market.

We hope that you will see proper to recommend that an appropriation for this object be made at the next session of Congress.

"Messrs Taylor, M. H. Grinnell, Geo. W. Binot, Howard & Applewall, David Hoody, George Oudryke, S. B. Chittenden, Marshall O. Roberts, W. C. Dodge, Harper & Brothers, Brown Brothers & Co., Peter Schopery, Arnold, Sturge & Co., D. Appleton & Co., Horace B. Cindin, J. J. Astor, Grinnell, Munroe & Co., Henry Grinnell, Roswell Sturge, R. L. Taylor, Wm. C. Thompson, Edwards Pierpont, Wm. M. Evans."

New London is now out of the running. But attention may be called to the fact that whereas one site at New London was recommended by the board of officers quite another site was recommended to the Government by the State of Connecticut. The report of Commodore Sirngham's board, of Oct. 24, 1882, recommended as a site for the new navy yard "Whitrop's Point in the harbor of New London." Whitrop Point is on the right or west bank of the river Thames. At the report of the Naval Committee of the House says: "the site examined and recommended by the board of officers appointed by the Secretary of the Navy, and approved also by this Committee is upon the right bank of the Thames just above New London."

The water front is about three miles in length. But the site ceded to the United States by the State of Connecticut is nearly two miles above Whitrop's Point and on the opposite side, or left bank, of the river.

While the question of a site for a great naval station is in abeyance, there is no question whatever as to the desirability of removal of the Navy Yard at Brooklyn to a more suitable locality. We call attention to the significant fact that the initiatory step for the removal of the Brooklyn Navy Yard was taken by the member representing the Brooklyn Congressional District, General Shoup.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

The Discussion about the Legislation Regarding Horse Racing Waxes Warm—Large Diamond Importations—Japan Cannot Control the Pacific—Notes.

Washington, D. C., March 30, 1911. (From Our Regular Correspondent.)

The Jockey Club of New York and the sporting genius all over the country are very bitter against the "hypocrites" who have been so successfully legislating against horse racing. The breeding of race horses in America has been doubtless given a staggering blow—but what of it? The race horse is the least useful of the equine race. He is small, a light weight carrier, "all hot and ginger," unfit for the saddle, unless it is the saddle of a light weight jockey, and is fit for nothing but gambling. If crossed with a cold blooded horse of good bone and size, a good saddle or carriage horse may be obtained, but there is no longer any demand for the thoroughbred race horse in peace or in war.

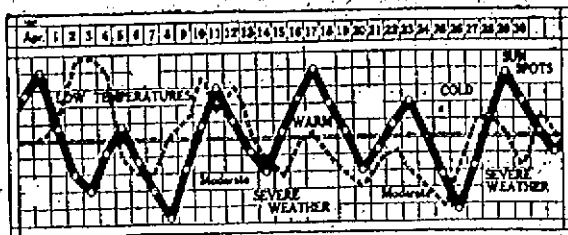
The telephone or wireless telegraph with the motor cycle or the automobile will out and bring the doctor much quicker than the swiftest race horse, while for courier purposes in times of war or in areas of battle, the telephone and wireless telegraph, to say nothing of flying machines, have put the reins of the horse de combat. Mr. Belmont complains that the "hypocrites" have refused to recognize the great good racing was accomplishing for the improvement of the breed of horses. It is only sporting men of the Belmont character that claim that racing does any good for the improvement of the breed. It doubtless improves a breed—but what kind of a breed? Horses doubtless will long be used for the saddle, for draft on the roads and on farms, or for pleasure, but it is astonishing to see the extent to which motor vehicles have in a very short time taken the place of horses. Mr. Belmont has announced that he will ship to Great Britain four of his best two-year-old colts. Well, let them go with their jockeys and their black-leg outriggers. Farmers and breeders are importing Clydesdales, Normans and Percherons horses, which are far better.

It is said that the United States imported more than forty millions of dollars worth of diamonds last year. This country, as might be expected, is the greatest diamond market in the world. It also furnishes the greatest harvest in the world for diamond thieves. It is said that most ladies of the "four hundred" wear paste diamonds in order to avoid the exposure of their real gems to the cupid's eye of the light-fingered expert. Good scheme, but why pay for the real if the paste will do as well?

The Pacific is by odds the biggest of oceans, and no nation or nations can control it. The same writer argues that the United States has only twenty-three warships in the Pacific, while Japan has 125. He is mistaken. Japan has 125 thousand, but they are mostly sailing ships, a kind of sailing boat carrying two or three persons with a tall mast. The Japanese will have and ought to have much to do with the navigation of the Pacific, for they are unexcelled as sailors and can conduct a carrying trade at less than half the cost of any American or European country, but the talk of any one nation controlling the Pacific is as extravagant as it would be to talk of controlling the ether.

The first step of the extra session of Congress will be to pass the Canada reciprocity bill and the second step will be, it is said, to materially reduce the tariff on wool and woolen goods. If this can be accomplished the western Senator who has been called the greatest shepherd since Abraham will lose a million or two dollars, but ninety millions of Americans will wear more elegant and more comfortable attire.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rain fall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because weather features move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., March 30, 1911.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent March 20 to April 2, warm wave March 25 to April 1, cool wave March 31 to April 4. The principal feature of this disturbance was predicted to be a great high temperature wave followed by a great fall in temperature and by a week of unusually cold weather with rain in many places in the States and Canada.

In bulletin for March 25 the rainfall for Canada and the States for the month of April was given. That bulletin should be preserved for reference. This first disturbance of April will, as stated above, cause rains in many places but not in those sections for which dry weather was predicted for April. The rains mentioned above will, therefore, probably occur principally outside of the dry sections mentioned in bulletin of April 25.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 2, cross Pacific slope by close of 9, great central valleys 4 to 6, eastern sections 7. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 2, great central valleys 4, eastern sections 6. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 6, great central valleys 7, eastern sections 6.

The warm wave of this disturbance will not be very warm while the cool

General Assembly.

A number of bills of more or less importance have been cleared away in the Legislature this week, and more are being reported by committees every day. The act amending the charter of the Savings Bank of Newport, which was vetoed by the Governor in its original form, has been amended and passed by the House. The amendment to the constitution providing for biennial elections has been reported to the House by the committee on special legislation in a slightly amended form, and will probably be passed. The act allowing the Board of Health to regulate the sale of milk in Newport has been introduced in the House by Representative Lawton.

The Senate voted not to concur in the amendment made by the House to the resolution limiting the expenses of Inauguration Day to \$1000, and a committee of conference has been asked for. The Senate has passed the act providing a caucus law for the town of Tiverton.

Governor Pottier announced this week his appointments for the police commission of Woonsocket, George Bachelor, Alma J. Delude and James M. McCarthy, and they were at once confirmed by the Senate under suspension of the rules.

Diaz and Mexico.

Reports that President Diaz is poor health are refuted, but it is nevertheless true that this able ruler is over 60, and that the present strain upon him would be heavy for a man in the prime of life. The situation in Mexico is a warning that a long succession of terms for the head of any republic is not a good thing, no matter how capable he may be as an executive. A time must come when a successor will take his place, and the transition becomes a crisis. If Mexico had accustomed itself to periodical changes of administration a different feeling would prevail among its people. But for a generation Mexico has been Diaz. He has been a dictator of the benevolent type, and has created conditions of prosperity not surpassed by any country of like size. But rulers of 80 live on borrowed time. Washington was averse to many terms, for deep reasons, characteristic of his wisdom. The ballots of a free people ought to be esteemed greater than any man, and a main reliance upon them under all circumstances is essential to a constitutional government.

Diaz first became president over a quarter of a century ago. His methods of government have been personal, though in a good sense. He has not needed much of an army to sustain him through his repeated terms, though he was charged with using the iron hand to some extent in his recent reelection. At the beginning of the year the Mexican Army was composed of 28,000 infantry, 8154 cavalry, 2804 artillery, 766 engineers, 2365 rural guards of police, and 250 gendarmes, a total of over 57,000. The naval forces consist of a few gunboats, transports and training ships. Twenty-seven states make up the area of 767,000 square miles, and the population is 13,607,000. Mexico is about three times the size of Texas, with slightly more density of population. A change of administration after such a long time of government by one man involves many difficulties, especially if he should be disposed to name his successor. Insurrection is a poor way to approach the problem, but a problem there is, and an unusual one for a republic supposed to be founded on the ballot.

The Newport police department has issued a warning to householders to be on the lookout for a bogus inspector of telephones who has been working some of the cities in Massachusetts.

Election of Officers.

Court Warden, No. 979, Foresters of America.

Chief Ranger—Harry Bennett.
Sub-Chief Ranger—Robert Johnston.
Recording Secretary—Harry E. Nason.
Senior Woodward—Julius Taylor.
Junior Woodward—Orville J. Conroy.
Senior Beadle—William Shields.
Junior Beadle—John Huppes.
Lecturers—George Taylor, Ellen Condit.
Delegate to Grand Court Convention—James Graham.
Alternate—Joseph Dance.

Court Friendship, No. 31, Foresters of America.

Chief Ranger—Dennis W. Maher.
Sub-Chief Ranger—William Forster.
Senior Woodward—Julius Taylor.
Junior Woodward—Orville J. Conroy.
Senior Beadle—Michael J. Hben.
Junior Beadle—Dennis W. Maher.
Lecturers—George Taylor, Ellen Condit.
Delegate to Grand Court Convention—Dennis W. Maher, Frederick S. Franco.
Alternates—William Porter, Michael D. Sullivan.

Current Topics Club.

President—Miss Lucy P. Brownell.
Vice President—Miss Mary P. Leavitt.
Secretary—Miss Sarah E. Hamlett.
Treasurer—Miss Katherine T. Blanchester.
Advisory Committee—Mrs. Ellen Condit, Mrs. Herbert W. Lull, Mrs. George W. Quick.

First Presbyterian Church.

Treasurer—William Lays.
Secretary—Weekly Offerings—James B. Edwards.
Trustees for One Year—Dudley P. Bacheller, for three years, James P. Taylor, William Lays, William J. Dunbar.
Auditors—Daniel Morrison, J. K. McLenahan, John T. Hatt, Mrs. George W. Quick.
Finance Committee—Samuel Smylie, Robert Smith, James Watson, A. J. Ober and Andrew Melkie.

A hot onion placed on a corn, that is inflamed will give relief—provided it is not hot enough to burn.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Woman Suffrage.

PUBLIC HEARING.

House of Representatives, Providence, March 29, 1911.

The Committee on Special Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House bill 129, entitled "An Act in amendment of section 1 chapter 17 of the General Laws, entitled 'An Act providing for the election of electors of President and Vice President of the United States (Woman Suffrage)'. In Committee Room 50, State House, Providence, on TUESDAY, April 4, 1911, upon the rising of the House.

JOEL PECKHAM, Chairman.
DAVID L. LAVIGNE, Clerk. 4-1-11

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives, Providence, March 29, 1911.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Labor Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House bill 128, entitled "An Act fixing the rate of wages of employees on public works." In Room 52, State House, Providence, on TUESDAY, April 4, 1911, upon the rising of the House.

GEO. R. HANAFORD, Chairman.
LEWIS A. BRIGGS, Clerk, State House. 4-1-11

RHODE ISLAND.

STATE COLLEGE.

STANDARD COURSES IN

Agriculture
Engineering
Applied Science
Home Economics
B. S. Degree

SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in

Agriculture
Mechanical Arts
Domestic Economy
Certificate

Free Tuition. Excellent Equipment. Board \$3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, accounts per week. Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful, healthful and accessible. Address STATE COLLEGE, Kingston, R. I. 7-23-11

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury

COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best. Will not stain. Water and Alkali Proof. Waterproof and lime-resisting. Requires no coating for many years. Coated both sides. Won't rot underneath. Can be used on steep or flat roofs. Elastic and Pliable. Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak

Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

5-2-11

Deaths.

In this city, 27th ult., Gertrude Russell, infant daughter of Francis N. and Margaret T. Fullerton, aged 6 months and 16 days.
In this city, 27th ult., Charlotte Kelly, aged 2 years.
In this city, 27th ult., James R. Palmer, in the 70th year of his age.
In this city, 28th ult., at his residence, 20 Milburn court, Thomas A. Walsh.
In this city, 30th ult., Francis Fox, aged 60 years.
In this city, March 30, 1911, at the residence of Mrs. George W. L. Fox, 20 Milburn court, Mary Kate, infant daughter of Nattie Mary and Henry J. Fox.
In New Bedford, March 18th, Mary Hannah Caggehall Keith, widow of the late George F. Keith.
In Cambridge, Mass., Valentine, daughter of Felix and the late Rose Lincoln, aged 15 years.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS—Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.
132 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.
Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1897. It is a Commission of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.
Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown for Summer Villas and Country places.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Dyspepsia, Distress and Colic, Pain in the Side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in constipation, curing and preventing the same by their gentle action, while they correct all the bile and liver troubles, stimulate the liver and revitalize the bowels. Free if really cured.

HEAD

As they would be almost sure to cure those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but unfortunately their goodness does not end there, and those who once try them will find that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick heads

ACHE

is the cause of so many lives that there is where we make our great battle. Our pills cure while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Box Small Price Small Price

THE NEW YORK HOLOCAUST

Steps Being Taken to Prevent a Similar Occurrence

FUNERALS OF FIFTY VICTIMS

Pathetic Scenes as Mourners Become Frantic With Grief—Fire Marshal Finds That Girls Found Traps at Every Turn as They Tried to Escape—Flames in Triangle Waist Factory—Fire Escape Inadequate

New York, March 29.—While the funeral services for fifty victims of Saturday's shirt waist factory in Washington square were being held yesterday steps were taken for a revision of the building laws to prevent similar holocausts in the future. A committee of five experts will frame amendments to throw safeguards around men, women and children who work in crowded shops and big manufacturing structures. As soon as the necessary changes are framed they will be presented to the legislature with a plea for prompt action.

With a death list still standing at 145, 125 of the victims have been identified. It is believed that but few of the remaining twenty bodies in the morgue can be identified.

The scenes attending the funerals of the fire victims were the most pathetic ever witnessed on the East Side. At some of the funerals the crowds were frantic with grief. Women wept aloud; while men stood with bared heads and tear-dimmed eyes. Thousands of people turned out. In some instances the hearsees were followed by hundreds on foot. At times a hearse carried two and even three members of the same family.

Fire Marshal Beers declares that so long as present conditions remain there is continual menace of similar catastrophes in New York.

As pathetic as the scenes at the morgue on Sunday—though in a different way—were some of the revelations brought out by Beers in his public inquiry into the causes of the Asch building disaster. It was shown that the poor girls in that panic rush to escape from the flames found traps at every turn.

A Veritable Trap

It seemed that the very arrangement of the workrooms was a trap. With hundreds of women jammed back to back at their machines when the panic started the narrow aisles became blocked with chairs and the girls were in confusion before they even started for the doors. Then there was the scarcity of exits, the inward opening doors and the death trap "fire escape."

Marshal Beers conducted the inquiry at fire headquarters. Ostensibly it was merely to ascertain the cause of the fire, but the marshal went deeper and questioned at length the fifteen witnesses as to the conditions in the factory and the events of the fire. Beers had questioned all the witnesses beforehand and merely wanted to put their statements in official form.

"The fire, without any question, started from a cigarette or a match thrown into a pile of lawn clippings—light cotton stuff—on the Green street side of the building," said Beers. "There was no gasoline about the place so far as I could learn, and the machinery power was furnished by electric motors. But I can prove that cigarette smoking was no uncommon practice among the men employed in the factory. I found the stains of cigarettes in places where they had been laid down by the smokers."

There is a bitterness among the waist makers over the disaster that has been intensified because the Triangle Waist company was a non-union shop, where the rules of the union as to closed doors, fire exits and hours of labor were not observed.

No Outside Fire Escape
Nearly all, if not all, of the victims were employed by the Triangle Waist company on the eighth, ninth and tenth floors of a ten-story loft building at 23 Washington place. There was not an outside fire escape on the building.

A corner on the eighth floor was the point of origin of the fire and the three upper floors only were swept. On the ninth floor fifty bodies were found, sixty-three or more were crushed to death by jumping, and more than thirty bodies clogged the elevator shafts. The loss to property will not exceed \$100,000.

Pedestrians going home through Washington place to Washington square at 4:50 Saturday afternoon were scattered by the whiz of something rushing through the air before them; there was a horrible flop on the pavement and a body flattened on the flags. Wayfarers on the opposite side of the street saw the windows of the three upper floors of the building black with girls crowding to the sills. There were no fire escapes.

"Don't jump, don't jump!" yelled the crowd. But the girls had no choice. The pressure of the mad-dened hundreds behind them and the urging of their own fears were too strong.

Peary on Retired List as Admiral
Washington, March 30.—Robert E. Peary was yesterday commissioned a rear admiral by the navy department and placed upon the retired list.

Minnesota Kills Woman Suffrage
St. Paul, March 30.—The woman suffrage bill was killed in the state senate by a vote of 17 to 30.

NEW YORK FIRE HORROR

Creases Show Windows From Which Girls Jumped; Searching the Ruins



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Four alarms were run within fifteen minutes. Before the engines could respond, before the nets could be stretched or the ladders raised, five girls had fallen from the eighth and ninth floors so heavily they broke through the iron roofs of the subcellar and crashed through the very streets into the vaults below. In an hour the fire was out; in half an hour it had done its worst; probably the death list was full in twenty minutes.

The building stands on a corner with exposure on two sides, but the only fire escape was on the interior, opening on a light and air shaft. In all there were seven exits—the single fire escape, two freight elevators at the rear, two passenger elevators in front and two stairways. All of them proved useless, and practically all who escaped either climbed to the roof and scrambled thence to the roof of the building occupied by the American Book company adjoining, or in the first rush for safety before the crush and smoke grew too thick.

Caught in Death Trap

The building stands with shell intact and barely scarred, and it is impossible for one who did not see it to imagine how the flames in so short space could have wrought such havoc. Seven hundred hands, 600 of them women, were employed by the waist company. They sat in rows at their whirling machines, the tables before them piled with flimsy cloth; the floors littered with lint, the air itself full of flying, inflammable dust. The first rush of flame was almost an explosion. Operators died in their chairs, their lungs seared by inhaling flame. Others were crowded into the elevator shafts after the cars had made their last trip. Still others were pushed off the inadequate fire escape.

In such a horrible stream did the bodies overflow from the windows that the fire nets, stretched by the first companies to arrive, were soon gorged beyond capacity. Twelve bodies weighted one net to the bursting point, but the bodies kept on raining to the pavement, through meshes that could no longer support them.

Many were suffocated or burned to death within the building. Many who sought their way to the windows and leaped met death as surely but perhaps more quickly on the pavements below.

WITH \$500,000,000 CAPITAL

Bituminous Coal Companies Organize a Selling Agency

Pittsburg, March 31.—A combination of twenty companies, with a capitalization of \$500,000,000, has been formed here to be the selling agency of the principal bituminous coal corporations in this section of the country.

The preliminary organization has already been completed with G. J. Gans as temporary chairman, and a preliminary capital of \$500,000. The concern will be known as the United States Coal exchange.

KETCHUP GOES INTO SEWER

Fifteen Hundred Gallons Destroyed by Order of Federal Court

Boston, March 29.—Under the direction of United States Deputy Marshal Waters, twenty-nine barrels, amounting to 1500 gallons, of tomato ketchup, which the government claims was made from tomato skins and scrapings in candy factories, were destroyed, the contents being emptied into a sewer manhole at the junction of Hanover and Commercial streets.

The ketchup had been condemned by order of Judge Dodge in the United States district court under authority of the pure food law.

Miss Auto Record Broken

Pablo Beach, Ill., March 31.—The mile automobile record, straightaway from flying start, for stock cars, held by Oldfield, was broken when Wilcox, in a National car, went the distance in 40:32. Oldfield's mark was 40:35, made in a Knox last year on the Ormond-Dayton course.

MANY RECORDS ARE RECOVERED

Found Intact Under Tons of Stone in Albany

ABOUT \$4,000,000 TO REPAIR

Estimated Cost in Rehabilitating Capitol Will Practically Wipe Out Estimated Surplus in State Treasury—Few Pails of Water or Fire Extinguisher Would Have Saved Building Had They Been Near at Hand

Albany, March 31.—More than 100 men attacked the smoking ruins left by the fire in the west end of the state capitol with shovels and crowbars and soon discovered that the wreck of the state's magnificent library was not as complete as at first supposed.

Buried under tons of stone shivered from the surrounding walls by the intense heat lay thousands of books which can be preserved by rebinding, and many that escaped unscathed. The salvage in books, pamphlets and manuscript records may amount to many thousands of dollars.

The records of the War of 1812 were found intact, and the custodians hope that as the work progresses other valuable relics at first believed to be lost may be found, if not unharmed, at least in a state worthy of preservation. Just what books and records perished and what books were saved will not be known for several days, since the workmen have an immense task before them in removing the debris.

The \$100,000 which the legislature was asked to appropriate, by a bill introduced yesterday, is not expected to finance the work of construction. The appropriation is asked to pay for clearing away the ruins and restoring the water-sealed and smoke-stained walls and furnishings of rooms which escaped the flames.

Unofficial estimates place the cost of reconstruction close to \$4,000,000. It is said that an appropriation of this size would practically wipe out the estimated surplus remaining in the state treasury at the end of the present fiscal year. The state cannot bond itself for this rebuilding and the money must be taken directly from the treasury.

A large part of the paper machinery in the assembly chamber will have to be renewed. Before they can be used again the members' desks will have to be refinished, and it may be necessary to purchase a new outfit of interior assembly room furnishings.

The men who discovered the fire say that they could have put it out easily if they could have found an extinguisher or even a few pails of water.

No official attempt has been made to ascertain the cause of the fire nor has the vague talk of negligence resulted in definite charges to any one in authority. The militia probably will continue to guard the building as long as the firemen are at work there.

THINKS TAFT IS OUT OF IT

Bourne Gives His Views as to the Next Presidential Race

Boston, March 30.—The next presidential race will be between Governor Wilson, Democrat, of New Jersey, and United States Senator LaFollette, Republican, of Wisconsin, according to the opinions expressed by Jonathan Bourne, United States senator from Oregon and president of the National Progressive Republican league, in an interview at the City club.

"I most emphatically think that Taft will not be renominated," declared Bourne. "I would like to see LaFollette a candidate; and the sooner he declares his candidacy the better. Of course, there are other Republican possibilities. Ex-President Roosevelt, Senator Cummins of Iowa and Justice Hughes are possibilities."

TAUGHT BOYS TO STEAL

New York Fagin Is Convicted of Burglary and Larceny

New York, March 31.—Norman Schultz, whose vocation was being a janitor, and whose avocation was teaching small boys to steal, was convicted of burglary and larceny and remanded for sentence. Nine boys confessed to being his pupils and are now in the house of reform.

Twenty thousand dollars' worth of loot was recovered in Schultz's home. One boy confessed to twenty-six burglaries; another said he stole 395 bicycles. Both worked under Schultz's direction.

Suicide in Reformatory

Concord, Mass., March 30.—Louis Hoffer, 16 years of age, committed suicide at the Concord reformatory by hanging himself in a detention cell, where he had been locked up for disorderly conduct. He was sentenced to the reformatory for breaking and entering a store in Stoneham.

Against Butler Statue

Boston, March 28.—The proposition for an equestrian statue for the late General Benjamin F. Butler was rejected in the senate ways and means committee without a dissenting vote. The resolve for the Butler statue carried an appropriation of \$25,000.

Daring Theft of Jewelry

Fall River, Mass., March 27.—While two policemen were standing across the street and hundreds of shoppers were passing, a daring thief entered the store of A. D. Sorub and stole a \$300 tray of rings from the show window. He escaped.

THE WRECKED CAPITOL

Library of \$25,000,000 Buildings; Record Room of State University



DEMOCRATS WORKING ON NEW SCHEDULES

Tariff Revision May Delay the Reciprocity Agreement

Washington, March 31.—Chairman Underwood of the ways and means committee expresses the opinion that his committee will be ready to report a textile schedule to the house two weeks after congress convenes. It is generally believed that the subcommittee in charge of the wool schedule has been making such rapid progress during the past week that the wool schedule will first be presented to the house for consideration.

In some quarters Underwood's statement regarding an early report on the wool schedule is taken to mean that the senate and the president will first be asked to consider that schedule, the Democrats to hold the reciprocity bill back until such time as the senate and the administration signify their intention to accept the material reductions which are certain to be made in that schedule.

GOODWIN CANNOT MARRY

Condition of Divorce Decree Granted to Edna Goodwin

New York, March 29.—An interlocutory decree of divorce in favor of Edna G. Goodwin, the actress, from her husband, Nat C. Goodwin, the comedian, was signed by Supreme Court Justice Giegerich. Miss Goodwin is given permission to marry again, but Goodwin is denied that permission during the lifetime of his former wife. Miss Goodwin did not ask for alimony.

Miss Goodwin and Goodwin were married in November, 1909, it being Goodwin's fourth marriage. At the time of their marriage the comedian transferred to his wife a deed of trust in property in San Francisco and Los Angeles said to be worth \$700,000.

NO PARDON FOR BANKERS

Morse and Walsh Likely to Serve Full Terms in Prison

Washington, March 28.—Charles W. Morse and John H. Walsh, the convicted bankers, must complete their sentences. According to reliable information President Taft has decided not to exercise executive clemency in the case of either. His decision was taken on the report of Attorney General Wickham on the applications for pardon.

President Taft has had Morse's application for clemency under consideration about three weeks. He also has considered an application for the pardon of Walsh, now in the Leavenworth penitentiary. Morse is serving a fifteen-year sentence, while Walsh is serving a sentence of five years.

Royalty to Approve Vaudeville

London, March 31.—An unprecedented feature of the coronation year will be the introduction of concert hall performances by royal command. The hall mark of royal patronage has never yet been bestowed upon the vaudeville stage.

Japan Ratifies Commerce Treaty

Tokio, March 30.—The privy council ratified the treaty of commerce and navigation with the United States. The signatory exchanges will be made on April 4.

More Postal Savings Banks

Washington, March 29.—Postmaster General Hitchcock has designated forty-five additional postoffices as postal savings depositories, among them Bristol, Conn.; Waterville, Me.; Rockport, Mass.; Dover, N. H.; Waverly, R. I., and Barre, Vt.

Mother of Nineteen at Thirty-Nine

Chicago, March 29.—The birth of her nineteenth child was recorded in the Chicago health department by Mrs. John Adducci, wife of a laborer. She is only 39 years old, and of the nineteen children sixteen still are living.

COUNSEL AND AID

We are at all times during banking hours ready and willing to aid our depositors and clients and give counsel in financial matters, acquired from many years of banking experience.

You are cordially invited to inspect our equipment and facilities and open an account subject to check.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY,

303 Thames Street, Newport R. I.

Capital	\$300,000 00
Surplus and Und. Profits	\$120,820 53

Great Easter Display in MILLINERY

—AT—

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street

Ladies would do well by giving us a call. See our great stock and beautiful selection of

Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats

and

Millinery Novelties

Specialties in CHILDREN'S HATS.

For Fine Goods at Popular Prices, go to

SCHREIER'S

STOP IN AT THE

POSTAL STATION ON BROADWAY

and get some of those

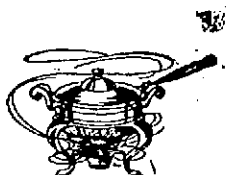
LENOX CHOCOLATES

You will be pleased and so will we.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172-176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.



With ELECTRICITY
you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

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Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST,
White and Clean,
INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

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It is the duty of every man who desires to carry on his business in peace and safety to take his share in the defense of his country.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

A Full Line of all the

NEW AND

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VEGETABLE SEEDS

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Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal, if the time have attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Ocular prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 5:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper for life or lease successful country hotel. W. G. PECKHAM, Woodfield, N. J.

Setting a Watch.

"The jeweler set my watch with a thousandth of a second when he gave it to me today," said the man with a new timepiece, "and this is how he did it:

"He has a clock wired up with the big chronometer at Washington. At 4 p. m. this clock was corrected to the thousandth of a second. At 4:05 he was ready to deliver my watch. His master clock has a 30.1 inch pendulum, so it ticks seconds. Each of the first fifty-five ticks in each minute is announced by a telegraph sounder in the clock, then the last five seconds are silent. The watchmaker rested a camel's hair brush on the balance wheel of the watch to stop it, then set all the hands, hour, minute and second at 4:00:00 and waited. When the silence of the sounder indicated 4:05:55 he got ready, and five seconds later, on the first tick of 4:06, he lifted the brush and the watch started. By looking at the second hand with a glass and listening to the clock an announcer I proved their identicalness except for the time it took the sound to travel from the clock to my ear."—New York Sun.

Daniel Wilson, His House.

Dr. Daniel Wilson, afterward principal of the University of Toronto, used in earlier days to live near Lauriston, in Scotland. One day Dr. John Beddoe (who has written an autobiography) set out to find him. "Having," he says, "no clear idea of the situation of the house, I entered St. Margaret's lane, which I conceived must lead in the right direction, and, meeting a gentleman just about to issue therefrom, asked whether he could direct me to Dr. Wilson's new house. He looked hard at me and inquired:

"Do you know Daniel Wilson?" "I do," "Intimately?" "Yes, intimately. Then follow this road till you see a house that looks as if it belongs to Daniel Wilson, and that will be it." I thanked him and, following his advice, had no difficulty in identifying the house. It had a window which contained some tracery of a pattern which I knew Wilson considered peculiarly Scottish."

How It Was.

"She's very wealthy?" "Very." "Money left to her?" "No. She is the author of a book entitled 'Hints to Beautiful Women.' "I presume all the beautiful women in the country purchased it?" "No; but all the plain women did!"—New York Herald.

A Rite and a Wrong.

"Marriage," remarked the professor, "was a rite practiced by the ancients." "And bachelorhood," interrupted a maiden of forty, "is a wrong practiced by the moderns."—Boston Transcript.

Mixed.

"Why, Harkins, where have you been? You look like a wreck." "I know it. My twin brother and I had a quarrel, and I hired a bruiser to lick him. The fellow mixed us up, and here I am."—London Tit-Bits.

Quite a Come-Down.

Mr. Marcus Stone, R. A., the famous artist, who celebrated his 70th birthday the other day, tells a very amusing story about a model he once knew. He was visiting the Zoological Gardens when he came across a man who had set for one of his pictures. "What are you doing now?" asked Mr. Stone. "Last time I saw you was when you were sitting for Mr. Blank for one of his religious pictures." "Yes, sir," replied the model, sadly. "An' now I'm cleanin' out the elephants' stables. Nice come down for one of the Twelve Apostles, ain't it sir?"—London Mail.

Telling His Troubles.

"Will you have our bell repaired? It won't ring," said the tenant. "Very soon," answered the landlord. "In the meantime lack a card near the button saying: 'Bell doesn't ring.'" This the tenant did, and as the days passed without the use of the bell he added as follows:

"Windows and doors don't fit."

"Faucets don't shut water off."

"Water doesn't run from bathtub."

"Stairs have no railings."

Three brought the long disagreement to a climax, and the tenant moved.—Buffalo Express.

Lost Its Novelty.

Many stories are told of a certain section of the South where the inhabitants are noted for their longevity, but none better illustrates the view the natives take of the matter than this:

"Your father must be getting pretty well on in years," said a cousin from the city to a farmer.

"Yes, pap's high on to ninety."

"Health good?"

"No, not just now. He ain't been feeling himself for some time back."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I think farming don't agree with him any more!"—Lippincott's.

A Quaint Ceremony.

A quaint ceremony, known as apple pie feast, has long been observed at Branscombe, Eng. Owners of orchards provide the apples and funds are collected for the making of the pie. Everyone is welcome to eat of them on handing in his plate. The actual consumption takes place in the village square, the pies being brought from a local bakehouse in a decorated pony cart and placed on tables, from which they are served out to the crowd. The late vicar and his wife always had the first helping and "for old times sake" the first was this year taken by proxy for his aged widow.

Mr. Grahame-White the foremost English bird man, in an interview thus describes the nerve straining flying: "It is the tension of feeling that something unexpected may happen—that the eagle may fall, that a stay may break, that a controlling wire may snap. Any one of these things may, one knows quite well, bring about a fearful fall. The rush of air and the fact that one is high above the ground have very little to do with the ordeal."

MONSTER WHALES.

One That Swallowed Whole a Shark Fifteen Feet Long.

Frank T. Bullen, the noted writer of sea tales, in one of his lectures said that in New Zealand he once saw a whale opened and there were found in its stomach a number of fish which must simply have swum down its throat, and among them was a shark fifteen feet long and nine feet round. The huge Greenland whale was described. Mr. Bullen asked his audience to imagine a monster of 250 tons and told how such a one was taken on a voyage in which he took part, enough whalebone being taken out of his head to pay a good dividend on the voyage. For six months in the year this particular kind of whale, which was the most helpless of all, led a life of alarms and excursions, for he was always being chased.

A third kind of whale, the hump-backed whale, was shown in a picture jumping from the water, and Mr. Bullen explained that this was no indication of joy in life. They were, in fact, if not driven out of their lairs, certainly driven out of the water by parasites adhering to their bodies. This particular whale was greatly devoted to its young, and if a man happened to kill a calf he needed all his ingenuity to escape from the mother. On one occasion fifty-two boats went after whales in the bay of California and by accident a calf was killed. In one hour the parent destroyed fifty of the fifty-two boats, killing a number of men, and then sailed out to sea without a scratch.

BEN BUTLER'S BLUFF.

It Was Well Worked and Completely Fooled General Bingham.

General John A. Bingham was a member of the military tribunal that tried Mrs. Surratt and the Lincoln assassination conspirators.

After the trial in the subsequent debates in the house General B. F. Butler frequently charged that the commission had arrived at an unjust verdict and had convicted an innocent woman. In a memorable debate he boldly proclaimed that if the contents of a diary which had been found on the dead body of J. Wilkes Booth were ever made public it would disclose the fact that it contained the proof of Mrs. Surratt's innocence, which proof had been infamously suppressed by the commission. When General Bingham made a movement as though he would reveal such an accusation, Butler dramatically drew a memorandum book from his breast pocket and held it aloft, but did not utter a word. Bingham naturally supposed that Butler had a copy of a diary such as he had spoken of. As a matter of fact the book contained nothing but blank leaves. General Butler was just bluffing.

The diary was in possession of Secretary Stanton, but President Johnson finally demanded it. It was an interesting book, but it threw no light upon the great conspiracy.

Milk and Popped Corn.

Because he knew his patient the doctor was not at all ruffled when she exclaimed:

"But I can't, doctor; it is no use talking. I just can't. I hate milk. I can't drink it. I will take any kind of medicine you wish me to, but I cannot swallow sweet milk."

"Very well," he said soothingly. Then he opened the door, and from the kitchen there drifted in the smell of popping corn.

"Who is popping corn?" she asked.

"Your nurse," said the doctor.

Half an hour later he persuaded her to taste a spoonful of milk.

"Why, that's not so bad after all," she said. "What did you do to it?"

"Soaked that popped corn in it," said he. "Gives it an entirely different taste, doesn't it? Sweet milk's bitterest enemy is bound to say it is drinkable after it has soaked up the essence of popped corn for ten or fifteen minutes."—New York Sun.

Evening Schools.

Evening schools owe their existence to the Rev. Thomas Charles, who about 1811 set up one at Bath, Wales, which proved to be quite successful. In 1830 or 1840 the English Bishop Hinds strongly recommended such schools for poor adults, who, on account of enforced labor, had no chance to secure an education. The idea was taken in hand by the British privy council in 1861, and from that date evening schools began to be considered seriously. At the present time they are numerous throughout Great Britain, America and many other leading nations.—New York American.

Keep the Fire Burning.

It used to be the custom in some old English inns for the fire to be kept constantly burning day and night. One such inn mentioned in "Old Country Inns" was the Plow, at Upper Dicker, in Sussex, and at the Chequers inn, near Oswestry, in Yorkshire, the hearth fire has been burning uninterruptedly for at least 130 years. The tradition points to a time when the public house was necessarily resorted to for purposes of all kinds.

The Injured One.

"What did that woman do when her pet dog jumped on you and bit you?" "She gave me a very reproachful look," replied Plodding Pete. "An' then she ordered the dog's valet to give it a bath."—Washington Star.

Full Pay.

He—No, the boss doesn't pay me any more than I am worth. She—How in the world do you manage to live on it?—Exchange.

She Has Positive Proof.

The Cook—Sure, an' ye don't want to tell me that ye think it's bad luck to break a mirror? The New Maid (earnestly)—I don't think I know it. The Cook—Glory be! An' how do ye know it? The New Maid—Every time I break one I lose my job.—New York Journal.

PAYING A PAINTER.

Verrio's Reward For Decorating Two English Royal Palaces.

Rubens received for his painting of the grand ceiling at the banqueting house, Whitehall, the sum of £1,000. The space covered by this painting is about 35 yards, so that he was paid nearly £10 a yard. In addition to this remuneration, he was knighted, and a chain of gold was also presented to him by Charles I.

Sir James Thornhill, the first Englishman who received knighthood for his ability in art, was paid only £3 a yard for the laborious work on the ceiling of Greenwich hospital and only £1 a yard for painting the ornaments on the walls. "The Duke of Montague," says Sir James Thornhill in his memorial to the commissioners for building the hospital, "paid Mr. Rosso for his saloon £2,000 and kept an extraordinary table for him, his friends and servants for two years while the work was being done at an expense estimated at £200 per annum."

Signor Verrio was paid for the whole palaces of Windsor and Hampton court—ceilings, front and back stairs—at 8 shillings a square foot, which is £3 12s. a yard, exclusive of gilding; had wine daily allowed to him, lodgings in the palaces and when his eyesight failed him a pension of £200 per annum and an allowance of wine for life.—Pearson's Weekly.

HER PRETTY TEETH.

They Are All Her Very Own, and the Dentist Has a Grievance.

"Men in every other profession and business have the advantage of dentists in the matter of advertising," said a man with forceps in his hand. "They can persuade good looking young women to wear their goods for photographic purposes; the dentist cannot. The whitest, evenest set of false teeth ever made cannot tempt a woman to wear them and be photographed with her mouth wide open."

"Manufacturers of cosmetics and artificial hair are besieged by women who are willing to dupe their faces with paint and powder and build their heads out with puffs and braids into any style of architecture desired for photographic advertisements. Neither do they balk at patent wearing apparel. The most absurd garment ever invented can find somebody to pose in it before the camera. But false teeth are universally blacklisted."

"Every woman who gets photographed with her mouth spread into a smile wants people to think that the teeth she shows are her own, and the dentist who would dare to label the picture 'These teeth made by Dr. Blank' would lay grounds for a libel suit."—New York Times.

Books on a Shelf.

Books are frequently ruined through carelessness. This is less in the handling often than upon the shelves. Books should not be packed tightly on a shelf. It ruins the back and causes them to tear loose with the strain of getting in and out. Often it forces the leaves to sag to the shelf when pushed unduly. It is just as bad for books to be too loose on a shelf, as they warp, and the spreading leaves encourage dust. A bookcase with the contents at every angle is not a pleasing sight. There are some housekeepers who think a yearly dusting of the books at housecleaning time sufficient. This is bad enough when they are kept under glass; when on open shelves it means ruin to valuable books. It takes a little longer to dust the backs and tops of books on each shelf every day. Use a soft cheese cloth or silk duster and shake it frequently.—London Globe.

Good Clothes and Good Morals.

It is doubtful whether any one to whom soap and water and more or less dirty clothes are a matter of course can rightly estimate the extent to which this question of clothes and cleanliness bears upon the criminality of youths. Dirty, ragged garments, greasy caps and neck scarfs worn day after day without the possibility of a change are, I believe, responsible for much. Certain it is that the lad who is content with but one set of raiment invariably belongs to a very low stratum of society, and the absence of a desire for a Sunday suit and the unabashed wearing of the weekday suit on the Sunday is very frequently indicative of the mark of one largely imperious to outside influences.—O. R. Russell in "Young Goal Birds."

It Is Just a Habit.

"I suppose, Ellen," she remarked to the new girl, with feigned indifference, "that you overheard my husband and me conversing rather earnestly this morning. I hope, however, that you did not think anything unusual was going on?"

"Niver a bit, mum. O! wasn't bad a husband myself, an' niver a day passed that th' neighbors didn't believe one or th' other us would be kilt entirely."—Success Magazine.

The Charm of England.

It is not strange that Englishmen should be, as certainly they are, passionate lovers of their country, for their country is almost beyond parallel—peaceful, gentle and beautiful. Even in vast London, where such prodigious force, the stranger is impressed in every direction with a sentiment of repose and peace.—William Winter.

Watch Not Going.

Cholly—What's the time, old chap? I've an invitation to dinner at 7 and my watch isn't going. Gussie—Why, wasn't your watch invited, too, dear boy?—Boston Transcript.

Inherited.

Knecker-Jones has a bad memory. Bocker—His mother never knew what were trumps, and his father couldn't remember anything on the witness stand.—New York Sun.

Thought works in silence; so does virtue. One might erect statues to silence.—Carlyle.

WOOD PULP PAPER.

Forced Into Use by the Scarcity of Rag Stock.

In the early days of printing it was hardly possible to employ anything but first class paper in making books, for the reason that wood fiber and wood pulp paper had not then come into use. At that time good cotton and linen rags were turned into fine, firm, pure white paper, well able to withstand indefinitely the yellowing and disintegrating effects of time.

As the increase in the demand for printing paper grew apace it was soon found that there were not enough rags to go round. Thus wool pulp came into use.

All vegetable fiber is suitable for paper making, whether it be obtained from rags, wood, esparto grass, straw or other substances. When these fibers are torn apart they are clogged with gum, a substance that must be thoroughly dissolved and washed away by chemicals if the best results are to be obtained.

Wood pulp paper is made of finely ground wood, usually spruce, the grinding being done with a heating engine, run at high speed, and huge stones between which the wood is reduced to a kind of pulp. That done, it is made up into paper without any preliminary removal of the gum or other deleterious ingredients.—Harper's Weekly.

ELECTRIC FOGHORNS.

Which May Be Blown Without Effort by Pressing a Push Button.

The time honored foghorn and still the one in most common use on myriads of smaller boats is of the sort that you raise to your lips and blow. Tolerably hard work blowing a foghorn.

Bigger foghorns for larger boats are set in a box, the box containing a bellows by which the horn is blown. Attached to the bellows is an outside lever by means of which the bellows is operated by hand. A lot of noise this foghorn makes, to be heard for a considerable distance.

There are now made, used on many power boats and yachts, electric foghorns the operating of which calls for the exercise of neither lung nor hand power. In these horns there is attached, inclosed at the smaller end, a metallic diaphragm to which is connected an electric coil which when electricity is turned into it vibrates the diaphragm and sounds the horn. Electricity is supplied from a storage battery or from current generated on the boat if it is electrically equipped. To blow an electric foghorn you simply press a button.—New York Sun.

"Robbing Peter to Pay Paul."

That proverb "robbing Peter to pay Paul" arose from the way in which the dean of Westminster was treated at the time of the reformation. As abbot he had been an independent dignitary, but as dean he was placed under the authority of a specially created bishop of Westminster. This diocese after existing for ten years was merged in the see of London, and many of the domains of St. Peter's abbey passed into the hands of the chapter of St. Paul's cathedral, thus giving rise to the now familiar saying. "It was by a hard struggle," writes Dean Stanley, "that the abbey was saved in those tempestuous times. Its dependency of the priory of St. Martin le Grand was torn to pieces, and its outlying domains to the east of Westminster were, it is said, sacrificed to the Protector Somerset to induce him to forbear from pulling down the abbey itself."—London Chronicle.

Familiar Sayings.

"I don't like your weight," remarked the customer to the dishonest grocer. "I hope I make myself clear," said the water as it passed through the filter.

"Reading makes the full man, but writing doesn't," complained the half starved poet.

"My resources are all tied up," said the tramp as he placed his bundle on a stick.

"The rest is silence," quoth the musician, explaining the meaning of that term to his pupil.

"This is a complete give away," remarked Papa Santa Claus as he finished stripping the Christmas tree.

"I call that treating a friend in a rather distant manner," said the doctor as he hung up the receiver after prescribing over the telephone.—Boston Transcript.

Cheap by the Hour.

"I must say you've got a pretty lot of citizens to allow themselves to be charged at the rate of 5 cents a mile from here down to the Junction on a miserable one horse branch road," said the shoe drummer bittlingly.

"I'd like ter call yer attention ter one fact before you go on usin' any more sence language," answered the "dickert agent calmly, "and that is that, while it may be 5 cents a mile, it's only 35 cents an hour."—Metropolitan Magazine.

Impartial.

"What did the captain of the vessel do when he found the men were not disposed to do their full duty?"

"He gave up the voyage and docked the vessel."

"What then?"

"Then he docked the crew."—Baltimore American.

Between Friends.

Bess—He said my face was a perfect poem. Jess—It is like one of Browning's. Bess—What do you mean? Jess—Some of the lines are so deep.—Toledo Blade.

How blessings brighten as they take their flight.—Young.

Conceited.

"There are a lot of girls who don't ever intend to get married."

"How do you know?"

"I've proposed to several."—Cleveland Leader.

It is happiness to be nobly descended; it is not less to have so much merit that nobody inquires whether we are so or not.—La Bruyere.

900 DROPS
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ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assuaging the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of
INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotics.
NOT NARCOTIC.
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35 DROPS - 35 CENTS
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The Kind You Have Always Bought

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Thirty Years

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LONDON'S DIALECT.

Freed His Mind in His Will.

Among curious wills that of a certain Dr. Dunlop, a Canadian, has often been quoted. It probably contained some of the most maliciously expressed bequests on record. To one brother the doctor left his books so that he might learn to read and acquire common sense. To another brother he left his big silver watch that the said brother might know the hour at which men ought to get up of a morning. To his brother-in-law he left his best pipe "in gratitude that he married my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would ever have taken," and to the eldest son of a friend he left a silver tankard lest if he left it to the friend himself, who was a rabid teetotaler, the latter might melt it down to cast temperance medals. To one of his sisters he left a silver drink cup "for reasons best known to herself," to another the family Bible, so that she might learn as much of its spirit as she already knew of its letter and become a better Christian, and to his eldest sister a five acre field to console her for being married to a man that she had to henpeck.—Chambers' Journal.

A Pair of Cheerful Lairs.

The crowd in the little country store was watching the rain when Deacon Witherspoon remarked that he'd seen it rain about as hard as anybody ever had seen it rain. Somebody said:

"Deacon, how hard did you ever see it rain?"

"Well, sir," said the deacon, "once upon a time, when I was at home, we had an old elder barrel laying out in the yard with both ends out and the bung hole up, and would you believe it, it rained so hard into that bung hole that water couldn't run out of both ends fast enough, and it swelled up and busted!"

Then Reuben Henry spoke up. He said he'd never seen it rain very hard, but he'd seen some mighty cold weather. Somebody said, "Rube, how cold did you ever see it get?" He said, "Well, sir, one time when I was living down in Pickaway county, in hog killing time, we had a kettle of boiling water setting on the stove, and we took it out in the yard, and it froze so doggone quick the ice was hot!"—National Monthly.

Knew All About It.

"Do any perquisites come in your way at the office?" "Not much they don't. We have a lousy janitor who throws them kind of folks out."—Baltimore American.

Cuffs and the Laundry.

Why are laundry women the most forgiving of their sex? Because the more cuffs you give them the more they will do for you.

Result of a Fad.

Poverty came in at the door. Love immediately flew out of the window.

"Ah," said those who observed, "this is what comes of being fresh air radicals!"—Judge's Library.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—James Anthony Froude.

The Same Girl.

Young Husband—When I used to kiss you, you slapped me. Young Wife—Well, you won't get slapped now unless you forget to kiss me.—Illustrated Bim.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to pattern after.—Goldsmith.

His Suggestion.

The great road builder had his mind on his work that morning, as the following dialogue between him and his wife will show:

"How do I look, dear?"

"Fairly well, but I should say that your face needed resurfacing."—New York Press.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

A Perfectly Recognizable Child of the Old Kentish Tongue.

In a little book entitled "London's Dialect" Mr. Mackenzie Macbride challenges the view expressed by the education department of the London county council that "there is no London dialect of reputable antecedents and origin," and that "the cockney mode of speech is a modern corruption."

He points out that the London dialect, especially on the south side of the Thames, is a perfectly recognizable child of the old Kentish tongue, to which we owe our earliest written literature. "Thet" for "that," "benk" for "bank," "keb" for "cab," are remnants of the old Kentish mode of pronunciation.

In the Kentish dialect "that" was spelt "thet" as early as A. D. 825. The use of "t" for "th" in "tidy" was common from the "Treat to the Thames in Elizabeth's time," and John Stow, writing in 1590, gives us "bryffe" for "balliff." The use of "an" for "an" in such cockneyisms as "telegraph" is of very old origin, and "abnht" and "abtside" are both warranted by ancient use. As for "kep" and "slep" without the final "t," they are really uncorrupted words, the "t" being an intruder of late date.

TORTURE BY WATER.

The Third Degree in Sorcery Cases In Louis XIV's Time.

One of the methods adopted by Louis XIV. to purge his kingdom of sorcery was the "question ordinaire." This, according to G. Durai in "Shadows of Old Paris," consisted in having ten pints of water poured into the body.

"The executioner placed the prisoner in a recumbent position, firmly tied upon a table. A block was slipped under the loins, so that the chest and stomach were thrown outward and upward, while the contents of a measure of two pints were forced by means of a hose down the victim's mouth. If he resisted his nose was held until he opened his teeth to breathe. After every two pint measure he was given a few seconds' rest and the opportunity to confess. If he continued his denial the question was reapplied until the whole ten pints had been consumed."

"In the 'question extraordinary' the quantity administered was augmented to twenty pints. The swelling caused by this unnatural amount of liquid in the body produced the most acute agony."

Knew the Risks.

Chloe, a huge black cook of middle age, came to her mistress one day with the announcement that she was about to be married. Regretting the loss of an excellent cook and having real interest in Chloe's welfare, her mistress said:

"I hope, Chloe, you appreciate the fact that marriage is a serious thing and you have considered carefully in regard to the step you are about to take. Marriage brings great responsibility."

"Deed it does, ma'am!" said Chloe, with emphasis. "I reckon I knowa, fo' I's been mabied fo' times. I knows just what reeks yo' takes when yo' done git mabied. My last divo'ce cost me twenty-five dollars, but I made him pay half of it. Yo' nevah know what yo' is gittin

THE HALL OF FAME.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE—

American general in Confederate service. Born Westmoreland county, Va., Jan. 19, 1807; died Lexington, Va., Oct. 12, 1870. Was graduated from West Point in 1829 and

served with distinction in the Mexican war. Superintendent West Point Military Academy 1832-5. Lee resigned his commission in the United States army in April, 1861, and espoused the cause of the Confederacy, being appointed major general of the Virginia forces. June 3, 1862, he was made commander of the Army of Northern Virginia. He continued in this command until the close of the war, surrendering his army to General Grant at Appomattox April 9, 1865, after long and heroic resistance. From 1825 until his death General Lee was president of Washington college at Lexington, Va.

THE HALL OF FAME.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL—

Poet, critic and diplomat. Born Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819; died there Aug. 12, 1891. Graduated from Harvard and succeeded Longfellow there as professor of modern languages, which place he held for twenty-two years. Was editor of the Atlantic Monthly for five years and of the North American Review for nine. He was minister to Spain from 1877 to 1880 and to England from 1880 to 1885. Was brilliant as a conversationalist, poet, prose writer, critic and lecturer. His best known poems are "The Biglow Papers," "Commemorative Ode" and "A Vision of St. Louis." Many rank Lowell as America's greatest patriotic poet, and he is generally regarded as our foremost critic. In the field of diplomacy he started the vogue of the American embassy in London.

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THE HALL OF FAME.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN—

Civil war general. Born Lancaster, O., Feb. 8, 1820; died New York, Feb. 14, 1891. Graduated from West Point in 1840. Stationed in California during the Mexican war. Commanded a brigade at first Bull Run. End

three horses shot under him and was severely wounded at Shiloh, but was thanked by Grant for having saved the day. Assisted in the campaign at Vicksburg and in Grant's other operations in the west. When Grant was placed in command of all the armies he put Sherman at the head of the Army of the Mississippi. Pushed on to Atlanta in several hard fought battles and then made his famous march to the sea. He then swung northward through the Carolinas and compelled the surrender of Johnston. When Grant became president.

THE HALL OF FAME.

DANIEL WEBSTER—

Famous American statesman, orator and lawyer. Born Salisbury, N. H., Jan. 18, 1782; died Marshfield, Mass., Oct. 24, 1852. Graduated at Dartmouth in 1801. Admitted to bar in Boston in

1805. Federalist member of congress from New Hampshire in 1813-7. Removed to Boston in 1810 and was a member of congress from Massachusetts 1823-7. Whig United States senator from Massachusetts 1827-41. Secretary of state 1841-3. Senator from Massachusetts 1845-50. Secretary of state 1850-2. Unsuccessful candidate for Whig nomination for presidency several times. Famous for his speeches in reply to Hayne in 1850 and in opposition to Calhoun in 1853.

A St. Louis man stood up for three hours in one of the busiest streets after being dead. Evidently the St. Louis policeman are not in the habit of compelling people to "move on."

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Stupid People.

Never ask any one to supply you with a missing word, says a writer in the *Atlantic* Globe, and if the experience which he relates is typical it is good advice. A woman was engaged recently in writing a letter to a friend, in which she was telling of what they had to eat at a party. She was getting along very well when, all of a sudden, she stopped to think. "What," she called to her family, "is that green stuff that grows up straight?"

"Evergreen trees," some one replied.

"Oh, no," said the woman; "I mean something to eat."

"Onions," was the reply.

"No," said she, "not onions."

"Lettuce," "beans," "peas," and so on, were all called out by the family, all anxious to supply the missing word.

"None of them is right," said the woman. "Then she tried a new tack.

"What is it," she said, "they serve on toast?"

"Poached eggs," said one member of the family.

"No," said another.

"Then the woman got up, tore her letter into pieces and put the thing off till later on.

Three days later she was in a grocery store and saw something marked "15 cents a bunch," that sent her running all the way home.

"It was asparagus," she cried. "I should think some of you might have known it was asparagus. Didn't I say it grew up straight and was served on toast?"

His System of Self Defense.

"Have you ever studied the art of self defense?" said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile and then answered thoughtfully:

"Yes, I have studied and practiced it."

"Ah!" said the other eagerly. "Whose system did you adopt?"

"Solomon's," was the reply.

Somehow, asked, the youth stammered out: "Solomon's? What is the special point of his system of training?"

"Briefly this," replied the other: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

For the moment the young man felt an inclination to laugh and looked at his friend anxiously to see whether he was serious. But a glance at the accomplished athlete was enough, and soon a very different set of feelings came over the youth as his muscular companion added, with elegant emphasis, "Try it."—*Christian Endeavor* World.

Whims of Parrots.

"It is odd," said the bird store keeper, "but it is true, how people come into a bird store and expect to open up a conversation with a parrot offhand. They talk and then make up their mind that the parrot is worthless. This will apply to a majority of seekers after a talking parrot. They do not give the bird credit for the same it actually possesses. There are parrots valued at anywhere from \$50 to \$500 that will not be coaxed into conversation with a stranger nor while he is present, although they are the very best of talkers. Parrots often refuse to perform when there are purveyors looking on, but once they are clear of them they will chatter away through their whole vocabulary as if their very lives depended on their being heard. This curiosity often spoils good sales. Most parrots will talk to a girl or woman much quicker and freer than to a boy or a man."—*Brownie's Monthly*.

The Name of Rio de Janeiro.

Rio de Janeiro owes her name to the accident of a date and the mistake of her discovery. When Alphonso de Souza, the Portuguese navigator, found himself in the spacious bay he imagined he had found the mouth of a noble river, and because the day happened to be the 1st of January, 1531, he named the supposed river after the first month of the year. The name was not applied to twenty that grew up on the slopes of the hills till many years afterward, but Rio de Janeiro, the original name, is now almost forgotten. Rio as a city purchases the beauty of her name at too great a cost, for the giant ridges that form the beautiful background to the town shut out the breezes that might blow tropical miasmas harmlessly to sea.—*London Spectator*.

Titles He Has Known.

William J. Bryan, himself a former colonel, and by custom entitled forever to be an audience, remarked recently upon the footnotes for dignified "undignified." He recalled the names of his titles by his influence having waited Colonel Crawford's widow. He also told of meeting a general who got his title of general by inheritance from his service, not by any other process by heretofore known. "General," he said to him, "how do you come by this title of yours, anyway?" "Why, sir," said the general, "I passed my youth in the flour trade, and for 27 years was a general miller."

A Useful Reflection.

The optimist was reciting some of the numerous articles in his creed. Finally he came to the end.

"Oh, there is no more, after all," he said.

"On the days when I reflect how little I amount to I cheer myself by remembering how much I expect of others."

Low Down Methods.

"That was a pretty mean trick they played to disable our candidate so that we couldn't talk."

"What was it?"

"Some of the folks at his board's house took his table knife and whittled it so sharp that when he picked it out himself."—*Washington Star*.

A Near Resemblance.

"This Chinese lantern decoration is very pretty isn't it?"

"Very. Reminds me of the Downs."

"Will you please tell me how on earth a Chinese lantern decoration can remind you of the Downs?"

"Well, are not both hanging fire?"

The Smaller One.

Many stories are told of Tom Reed's sudden flashes of wit—as, for instance, when Miss Reed struck the earth instead of the golf ball and he said, "Hit the other ball Kitty."—*Portland (Me.) Express*.

Willing to Be Honest.

Phil May, the great English artist, earned his first fame in Australia. One day a broken down minister applied to him for charity, and May engaged him as a model. As a joke he also demanded that his eighty-year-old pensioner agree to leave his Austin when he was called. When May left Australia he called his model in. "You've played a dirty trick," said May, "by sending me out of that skeleton. I could have bought one to send order and condition for half the money you've cost me." The old fellow, conscious of his bare ingratitude to his best and most patient friend, answered: "Don't be angry with me, Mr. May. It's not my fault. I mean to keep my word. Stay in Sydney a few months longer and give me another chance to show you that I am a man of honor."

Unfortunate.

The negro boy was up for the fifth time on a charge of chicken stealing. This time the magistrate decided to appeal to the boy's father.

"Now see here, Abe," said he to the father, "this boy of yours has been up to court so many times for stealing chickens that I'm tired of seeing him here."

"Ah, don't blame you, sah," returned the father, "Abe tried to keep him here, too."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act? Show him the right way and he won't be coming here."

"Ah, he showed 'im de right way, sah," declared the old man earnestly. "Ah has actually showed 'im de right way, but he somehow keeps getting caught comin' 'way wid dose chickens!"

Wanted a Supply.

"Politics," remarked a Washington official, "is a science as well as an art. One of the funniest things I ever heard of in that connection was about the cowboy delegate to the constitutional convention of Nevada when that territory was about to become a state. In the constitution was the stereotyped paragraph about the new state's having two senators to represent it in Washington. When it was read to the convention the cowboy delegate rose and yelled out: 'What's the use of limitin' it to two? We're overabundantly Republican, and we can elect as many as we want.'"

The Milky Way.

The Milky way is an irregular luminous belt that encircles the celestial sphere and has the general shape of a great circle, inclined at an angle of sixty-three degrees to the equinoctial. Its luminosity is due to the myriads of stars or suns composing it, many of which have been revealed to us by means of the telescope. It varies in width from four to twenty degrees and at one point of its circumference it is two nearly parallel branches of unequal brightness, which do not reunite for a distance of 150 degrees.

Plumber.

Mulligan, the contractor put up a church building. Duane was building inspector then, and when he saw the church he said, "Pat it isn't plum!" That made Mr. Mulligan pretty mad. He climbed right up and began to take measurements. Having squinted down the plumb line in a dozen different places, he was ready to report. There was a ring of triumph in his voice.

"Mr. Duane," he said, "come and look at y' self. Plumb, eh? By the by, the pipe that played before Moses, it's more than plum!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Scotland's Emblem.

The Dancer made it a rule never to attack an enemy by night, on account of its cowardice, but upon one occasion they broke this rule. On they crept, unobserved, and unobserved, when one of them stepped on a thistle which made him cry out in pain. Alarmed by the cry, the Scotch fell upon the party and defeated them with fearful slaughter. Ever since the thistle has been adopted as the emblem of Scotland.

Education Versus Instinct.

Jacob Wendell, Jr., who plays the part of the dog in Maeterlinck's drama, was dining in a restaurant recently when a man, recognizing him as the actor, approached and said:

"Pardon me, but you take you take the part of the dog in 'The Blue Bird,' do you not? Of course you don't know it, but I can really bark like more like a dog than you."

"Well, you see," answered Wendell, "I had to learn."—*Success Magazine*.

The Poor English Landlord.

A have-been property owner for nearly forty years and during that period he had lost from depreciation \$25,000, from empty houses \$10,000 and from defaulting tenants over \$5,000, or a total loss of over \$40,000. During this forty years he has never known a defaulting tenant honest enough to pay a shilling off the arrears when once he removed from the neighborhood.—*Letter in London Telegraph*.

It Worked.

There are a great many ways devised for avoiding jury duty.

The story is told of a man who was noted in the county because of the daddiness of his son. Finding that there was no way of escape from serving, he had an obliging friend telegraph him at the courthouse.

The telegram read, "Your son is no better." The judge was so amused at the ingenuity that he let the man off.—*Judge*.

How She Knew.

"Will you have some fresh mushrooms?" asked the hostess sweetly.

"Yes," faltered the guest, "if you're quite sure they're mushrooms and not toadstools."

"Oh, I'm quite sure," replied the hostess, "I opened the can myself."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I understood the boys prepared a crackjack of a reception for Alfalfa Peas."

"Y' bet they did! There wuz seven-teen in the lynchin' party, an' when we hinged Dutch Simpson there wuzn't but eleven!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

It is not the intersection of ignorance that is dangerous, but the revolts of intelligence.—*Lowell*.

The Gravy.

A certain Dr. C— was once reading a very strenuous paper on total abstinence from a clerical club—so the story goes—when the entertainer went out to tell his wife how many she was to provide for at supper.

"What are they doing?" she asked, and was told the subject of the essay.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "Here I have brandied peaches, and it is too late to change."

"Make no change," said her husband. "It will be all right."

The essayist had the post of honor at the right of the lady of the house, and she presented him with a dish of the peaches. After a while she said to him: "Dr. C—, won't you allow me to give you some more of these peaches?"

"Thank you," he replied. "They are excellent."

A little later she said: "Dr. C—, may I not give you another peach?"

"No, I thank you," said he apologetically, "but I will take a little more of the gravy."—*Rapport Magazine*.

Mixed Emotions.

A Bostonian tells of a clean well set up young Irishman who formerly saw service in the British navy, but who is now engaged in business at the Hub.

"When are you going to get freedom in Ireland, John?" the Bostonian once idly asked.

"The only way that we'll get freedom in Ireland," said the Celt, "will be if France an' Russia an' Germany an' Austria an' maybe Italy—if they would all join together to give those blackguards of English a rare old battle. That's the only way, sir, we'll get home free."

Then as he looked cautiously about a twinkling of cunning was added to his expression. "An' the whole lot of 'em together couldn't do it, sir. Oh, it's the grand navy we've got!"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Redhot Plays.

"It is a tremendous undertaking to get a new play accepted and produced," once said the late Clyde Fitch to a friend. "So many are written, and so few ever see the light of day. An English playwright with a gift of humorous exaggeration illustrated this fact to me once. He told me how he submitted a play to a celebrated actor and how in the course of the conversation the actor remarked:

"Don't you think it is growing chilly in this room?"

"Yes, it is rather," the young playwright admitted.

"Then the actor rang a bell, and a servant forthwith appeared.

"James said the actor, 'this room is rather cold. You may put three more manuscripts on the fire.'"

The Medicine Bottle.

"Awkwardness in pouring medicine from a bottle cost me \$2," a man said.

"Because I poured it out on the label side and got the number of the prescription and the date blurred the druggist couldn't refill it, and I had to give the doctor another call. I got no sympathy from the druggist."

"But you had to learn your lesson," he said. "Nearly everybody does. It seems second nature for everybody except nurses, doctors and druggists to pour medicine from the label side of a bottle. The professionals never do. They always pour from the opposite side and keep the label clear. Lay men, after they have paid the price of a consultation for the experience also adopt that method."—*New York Press*.

Corrected.

A newly-made magistrate was gravely absorbed in a formidable document, says the *Lincoln State Journal*. Baling his keen eyes, he said to the man who stood patiently awaiting the award of justice: "Officer," what is this man charged with?"

"Bigotry, your worship. He's got three wives," replied the officer.

The new justice rested his elbows on the desk and placed his finger tips together. "Officer," he said, somewhat sternly, "what's the use of all this education, all these evening schools, all the technical classes and what not?"

"Please remember, in any future like case, that a man who has married three wives has not committed bigotry, but trigonometry. Proceed."

A Remarkable Preacher.

A young preacher who was staying at a clergy house was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each day to practice his oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fever and passion and emptied it of most everything else. Philip Brooks chanced to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the Bishop, starting up in assumed terror. "Pray, what might that be?"

"Sit down, Bishop," his friend replied. "That's only young D— practicing what he preaches."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Deaf as an Adder.

The expression "deaf as an adder" is from the *Parables of David*, where it appears in the following form: "Their policy is like the poison of serpents. They are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming ever so wisely." East Indian travelers tell us that there is a widely prevailing superstition in the east to the effect that both the viper and the asp stop their ears when the observer is uttering his incantations or playing his music by turning one ear to the ground and twisting the point of the tail into the other.

Aunt Jane—I guess Mr. Speeder must be a very neat person. Edith: And what leads you to that opinion? Aunt Jane—He told your Uncle George all his clothes but those upon his back were hung up. Some men, you know, throw their things round anywhere.—*Boston Transcript*.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. It is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardships and opposition are the native soil of manhood and self reliance.—*John Neal*.

Neighbor—How did that naughty little boy of yours get hurt? Dillo—That good little boy of yours him in the head with a brick.

Hawitt—Does the climate agree with your wife? Jewitt—That's more than I'd expect of any climate.—*The Smart Set*.

Dolliver and the Dahlias.

The dahlia is a flower that is almost sacred to Scandinavians. When the late Senator Dolliver was speaking to a Swedish settlement from the rear end of a Pullman car a bunch of dahlias was handed to him, and he bowed his thanks, while the crowd roared its applause for his orator and for the bouquet.

"What kind of flowers are these?" inquired Senator Dolliver of Senator Clapp of Minnesota.

"American Beauties, I guess," replied Senator Clapp.

Dolliver knew better than that, so he heartily thanked the people for their attention, applause and splendid flowers.

When they met in Washington after the campaign Senator Dolliver said to the Minnesota man: "Clapp, you would have had me mobbed if I hadn't been prudent. If I had called those dahlias American Beauties those Swedes would have been for killing me."

"Yes," said Senator Clapp, "they are good people and generally do the right thing."—*Minneapolis Journal*.

The Vagabond Actor.

Moliere raised the status of the actor to a brilliant clown, who must amuse his king. Sir Henry Irving was even knighted by Queen Victoria, who recognized his magnificent services to dramatic art. But in all the years when Sir Henry was breaking his back to run back and forth between Victoria's royal residences and the cities where he was playing, to set up his scenes and act for the old queen's amusement and the entertainment of her guests, he was never once officially relieved by her court. He had many private audiences, which were much the same for him so as to have a chat with any other old lady; but, although he was the possessor of a royal title, a favorite with the royal family and the greatest actor of his age, he never was invited to Buckingham palace. The status of vagabondism clung to his garments, and he was classed with crooked nobles and other undesirable.—*Archibald Bell in Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

The Quaker Flaid.

A young Quaker had been for some time casting different glances at a maiden of the same persuasion, while she, true to the tenets of her upbringing, had given him mighty little encouragement. However, one day the opportunity of placing the matter upon a more stable footing presented itself to him, and he shyly inquired: "Martha, do you love me?"

"Why, Seth, we are commanded to love one another," quoth the maiden.

"Ah, Martha, but dost thou feel what the world calls love?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love upon all, but I have sometimes thought that thou wast getting more than thy share."

Puzzled by Wireless.

"Mistah Jenkins," asked an old negro of Atlanta of his employer, "would y' be so good, sah, as to explain to me 'bout this wireless telegraph business I hear 'em a-talking 'bout?"

"Why, certainly, Henry," responded the employer, "though I can do so only in a general way, as I don't know little of the subject. The thing consists in sending messages through the air instead of over wires."

"Yes," said Henry. "I know 'bout dat; but, sah, what beats me is how dey fasten the air to poles!"

First Potatoes in Scotland.

It is claimed by a correspondent that the first person to grow potatoes in the open field in Scotland was Thomas Fentles, a day laborer in the West Barony of the parish in Glasgow, near Unapel Green. That was in the year 1728. It was about four years after that date that he (Fentles) uttered the market with them and was very successful with his experiment, as he made £300 or it, which he was in double interest and died at Edinburgh in 1762.—*Glasgow Herald*.

Fellow Professionals.

Phrenologist (to fellow passenger)—Excuse me, but am I right in taking you for a professional man? Fellow Passenger—Yes, sir. Phrenologist—Thank! It's not often that I make a mistake in judging my fellow men. Er—lawyer? Fellow Passenger—No, sir; barber!

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, if disturbed at night and broken of their rest by a sick child suffering with teething, and of Colic, Wind, Stomach and gets a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children's Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Laced upon it, mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and cures Wind Colic, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the weak system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" distributed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 20th, 1906. Serial number 100.

Never pin your faith to a woman who says she will be over in five minutes and is says five. Are there any women like that?

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are made especially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, are readily yielded to the use of the Little Liver Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

If last summer's geranium pot were not so heavy it might be covered with velvet and thus become very stylish hat for your daughter.

Backs are almost instantly relieved by wearing one of Carter's Smart Wood and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain. Price 25 cents.

The man of perfect virtue is cautious and slow of speech.—*Confucius*.

Keen faces biter than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, and disordered stomach.

There are times when the "I told you so" man is more of a nuisance than ever before.

Why feel free by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are a positive cure for sick headache and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

The "Tea Leaver."

A good deal of the tea consumed by the working classes in the days when Arthur Young complained of the addiction to this luxury had never seen either India or China. In one of John Aubrey's works on England he cites a case in which a boy charged with gambling stated that the money found in his possession had been made by picking tea leaves. This led to the discovery that many persons made a living by picking blue leaves and white-tipped leaves in the fields near Camberwell and selling them to a local cow-keeper for a penny a pound. One man said he picked from fifty to sixty pounds a day and always found a market for them. The leaves were subsequently sold to a wholesale merchant, who obtained as much as 8 shillings a pound, for under the guise of tea. The merchant was prosecuted and fined, not for adulteration, but for defrauding the revenue. And the "tea leaver" is still the slang name for the petty thief. *London Standard*.

The Doctor's Joke.

A physician who never goes out at night without leaving directions as to where to find him if wanted professionally was at a theater near Forty-second street recently with a friend. Just before the curtain went up on the second act an usher handed him a note reading: "Come to his office at once. Don't telephone. Come." The note was signed by a colleague and the doctor lost no time in obeying the peremptory summons. Arriving at his destination he was confronted by several friends, who were coolly explained that he had been used to decide a bet as to the length of time it would take to cover the distance which he had traversed. The victim's anger was only slightly appeased when he was assured that the perpetrators of the joke knew no one else who was good natured enough to furnish the information looked for.—*New York Tribune*.

The Homeric Controversy.

If was about the year 1795 that the "Homeric controversy" began. About that time P. A. Wolf, in his *Prolegomena*, argued that Homeric poems were composed of independent epics, songs, collected and arranged by Pindar about 650 B. C. Wolf's theory created a great stir among scholars and poets and inaugurated the fight which lasted most of the learned men of the day. Mr. Andrew Lang, in "Homer and the Epic" 1893, vigorously defended the "one author" theory, as opposed to the idea of Wolf that the poems were composed through ages by many different persons.—*New York American*.

A Deadly Weapon.

There is a horrible weapon favored by certain of the hill tribes in the Ghats of western Asia, which consists of four sharp, curved blades hidden under the fingers and securely held in place by rings passing over two of them. With such a contrivance Shivaji, the Maratha hero, is credited with having disemboweled his Monmouth's son overlord when making a pretense of rendering him his humble submission. The vagabonds ("tiger's claws"), as they are called, are distinctly more brutal than their western prototype, the "knuckle duster."

Sending a Man to Coventry.

The expression "sending to Coventry" had a military origin. Harrow, so it is said, in the days of Charles I, when the inhabitants of Coventry strongly objected to any intercourse with the military quarters in their town and a woman known to speak to a man in a scarlet cloak was at once the subject of scandal. So rigid were the natives that the soldier was confined to the mess room for conversation. Thus the term "sending a man to Coventry" if you wished to shut him from society took root in the English language.—*London Chronicle*.

Agreed With Both.

Horace Greeley with the author of a style in editorial writing which had been often imitated, but probably never equaled. During his editorship two newspapers, neither of which was friendly to Greeley, became engaged in a violent altercation. The argument grew warmer until each paper openly called the other a liar. It was the opportunity Greeley had been waiting for. He announced in his paper that "he had the honor to agree with both of his distinguished contemporaries."

Distances at Sea.

That man was laughed at who on his first voyage said that the ocean did not look so large as he supposed it would, but he was not alone in experiencing this disappointment. The horizon at sea gives no idea of the limitless water beyond. A sea captain declares that the average landman cannot see more than ten miles from the ship in any direction, and it would have to be a mountain or some stationary object for him to be able to distinguish it.

"Up in the Air."

Bill—Russia has appropriated nearly \$1,000,000 for a complete army aeroplane equipment, the largest sum expended for the purpose by any government.

Jill—Well, when it comes to talking of war, Russia nearly always is the first country to go up in the air.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Her Tact.

A woman always wishes you to remember her birthday, but also expects you to forget her age.—*Lippincott's*.

"Were you quarrelling with your wife when I came in? I heard you talking loud."

"No. When we're quarrelling she's the one that talks."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"I am afraid our candidate's voice is giving out," said one campaigner.

"Never mind about his voice," replied the other. "He is still in form for shaking hands."

"Why are you always so careful to ask advice about what you are going to do?"

"So that if things go wrong I can say 'I told you so.'"

Chapley—How did she happen to refuse you? I thought you were her favorite?

Washley—Well, the favorite didn't win, that's all.

